

Whitewashing Satan

THE

SATURDAY REVIEW

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Edited by Lady Houston, D.B.E.

Reduced to 2^D.

Lady Houston at Margate

THE MANDATE OF MARGATE

Conservatives Speak Out

No More "NATIONAL" Nonsense

CONSERVATISM FOR CONSERVATIVES

is demanded

MR. ELLIOT sharply Reproved—and told that to make British Agriculture more Prosperous for BRITAIN—is of more Importance than studying the Foreigner's Pockets. This is all that he seems to have been doing hitherto.

THE delegates who made some stirring speeches at the Conservative Party Conference have evidently been reading the "Saturday Review" for some time past—as all the changes they advocated have for the last five years been preached and asked for again and again in the pages of this paper.

(Continued on pages 452-3)

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OGPU TERROR IN LONDON—THE TRUTH

FROM the walled Kremlin in Moscow with its Oriental minarets and its queer-shaped copper cupolas and domes, to the respectable Edwardian frontage of No. 13, Kensington Palace Gardens, London, is a matter of about 2,000 miles.

The one is the Whitehall of Soviet Russia, the other is its Embassy in Britain, the residence of its Ambassador "accredited to the Court of St. James."

Between the two there is a line which transcends frontiers and distance. They are linked together by ancient sanctions of international law and diplomatic usage.

But with Moscow and its Embassies there is a difference. There is *another* line of which few people know. It reaches out from a grim, grey building in Moscow, No. 26, Lubyanka Street, to all the capitals of the earth. That building shelters the headquarters of the OGPU, the most formidable secret police machine which the wit of man has ever devised.

One tentacle reaches out from Lubyanka Street to the urbane amenities of Kensington; it branches to Moorgate in the City of London, where the Soviet trading offices are situated, where No. 9 buses run and armies of black-coat workers go about their ordinary everyday round, and to other London streets, where Moscow and such fantasies as secret police and prison inquisitions seem more than 2,000 miles away.

One Outcome

But recent events in London have shown that these fantasies are not so far away as they seem.

Four weeks ago General Vitovna Putna was Military Attaché to the Soviet Embassy in Kensington. He lived here with his devoted Russian wife and fourteen-year-old son. He was settling down in what is one of the "plum" diplomatic posts of all countries. He was popular and well known in British social and official circles.

To-day he lies in a cell of the Inner Prison of the Lubyanka in Moscow facing a trial from which there is seldom more than one outcome—death.

When the news of General Putna's arrest in Moscow broke upon the world, it was said that one of the sixteen Soviet "old guard" officials executed recently for a so-called terrorist plot against Stalin had denounced the General as a member of their group on the very morning that they stood awaiting the firing party.

But General Putna had been ordered to come to Moscow from London to "attend a military conference" *more than a week* before those executions took place. That invitation is typical of OGPU methods.

More than a week went by after the General's departure without a word from him. The Embassy knew nothing. Then, after repeated anxious enquiries from his wife, Moscow wired asking her to come at once as her husband was "very ill." Again the touch of the OGPU in that phrase.

Also—a queer request—they told her to pack and bring everything, the General's belongings as well as her own. She left London strangely burdened for a woman hurrying to a sick husband; she had seven trunks and large suit cases.

At Berlin the train on its way to Warsaw and the frontier was met by "officials" of the Soviet Embassy there. They told her to have all the trunks unloaded on to the platform. She had to proceed on the 1,000 mile further journey with a small handbag, which was supplied to her and contained just the bare toilet necessities for herself and her son.

After this visit from the "officials" and their action during the few minutes' wait on Berlin platform, Madame

Putna can have had few further illusions as to the real nature of her husband's "illness."

With the General in Lubyanka Prison is Sokolnikoff, ex-Ambassador to Britain. They have "got the goods" on him, too. Ozersky, head of the trading delegation and signatory to the £10,000,000 trade agreement, was suddenly recalled to Moscow. He is back again now, after an enormous Press outcry about his departure. But for how long? It is stated that he has to return to Moscow to "give evidence" in a forthcoming trial.

Perhaps that signature of his on the trade agreement with Britain was the most valuable stroke of the pen that he has ever made.

There is no need, as some newspapers have stated, for special agents of the OGPU to come here to carry out any "purges." They are here already, have always been here, fully empowered and capable of carrying out any work required of them.

The organisation of the OGPU in London, as in all other capitals, is based on the "parallel system" which is an integral part of the Bolshevik doctrine of government.

Behind the activities of every department of the State or trade, overseeing the work of every member, but unknown to him, there must be another "eye." It is internal espionage on a mass scale.

The OGPU works in London through its "resident agent." Two people only know who that man is: they are the Ambassador himself and the head of the trade delegation. Almost invariably that resident agent is, officially, a minor servant of the Soviet organisation in this country—usually a clerk in the accountancy department of one of the trading offices.

Close Watch

Under this "resident agent" are five assistants, equally unknown to the mass of Soviet employees in this country. They also are employed *officially* in minor posts.

Their work is split into five main divisions, of which three may be mentioned here. They are, first, routine espionage on Soviet employees in this country—their work and their private lives. In addition, each member of the staffs must come under "special observation" from time to time. A watch is kept on the kind of friends he makes, and on his utterances and opinions.

The second division "controls" political émigrés in this country. All fugitives from the Soviet régime are known to this division. Their anti-Soviet activities are noted, and particular watch is kept for contacts they may make with employees.

This division also handles any "disciplinary" measures which may be adopted against employees who show signs of backsliding or leaving the employ of the Soviet. There have been many such cases.

The third division looks after the financing of this underground work. It is also responsible for all "special payments" which may have to be made for anything outside the formal activities of the Soviet in this country.

In this connection may be mentioned the statements of M. Bessodovsky, Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in Paris in 1930, who escaped over the garden wall of the Legation from armed guards of the OGPU waiting to take him back to Moscow, and who brought gendarmes back with him to rescue his wife and children.

Bessodovsky once declared that the five agents of the OGPU in Berlin cost £10,000 a year in "special payments," and that total outgoings of the OGPU world organisation came to nearly £5,000,000 a year.

(Continued on page iii of Cover)

The

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IN
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Written Only for Men and Women Who
Love Their Country

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THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS

HOME AFFAIRS

It is plain to the most stupid person that the attack on Sir Oswald Mosley's perfectly orderly march through London and the decision to stop his doing so, was organised and successfully carried through by Bolshevik Propaganda. It was seemingly just a dress rehearsal of what England must expect if this is not severely punished and prevented by the police. Instead of stopping Sir Oswald, those who attacked him should have been stopped.

Our C3 Youth

There is not a dictator-led State in Europe whose population is not receiving a better physical education than our own, and being filled with a more selfless vision. Our armed strength, as the Labour resolution says, "must be conditioned by the armed strength of the potential aggressor." But that will not be enough unless there is also a parity in the standards of physical fitness and in the instincts of moral unity and self-sacrifice. A C3 people will not be saved by A1 armament.

Wasted Efforts

We are rearing a generation that lacks activity both of bodily impulse and of mental interest, and in which the senses of social loyalty and patriotism are becoming withered. There is no health in us unless we can arrest and reverse that decay. We require a hygiene that is not merely curative and preventive, but creative. Much of our elaborate effort to train intelligence is sheerly wasted through neglect of the physical basis of all mental life. It

is the sound body that nourishes and stimulates the sound mind and the ethics of true manhood.

The Secret of Strength

And the secret of happiness, as well as of strength, is in that simple truth. A community of feeble frames and invalid souls, ruled by its appetites and fears, must sink ever deeper in the slough of materialism, losing, along with its individual quality, the courage and faith, the imagination and dedication, that are the fibre of national greatness.

The Observer.

An Englishman Comes Home

Sometimes, when you come home after a long trip abroad, Britain seems very exciting. Sometimes, on the other hand, it falls very flat.

But this time, since I returned, I have had quite a new emotion about Britain. It has made me consistently and violently angry.

I should not have been angry were my love of Britain a little thing. I should not have been angry if I did not believe that the British are the salt of the earth.

Rowdysm on the Main Road

On the first week-end after my return I motored down to the South coast, climbed about on the hills, and did a lot of hard thinking. Having done so I devoured hunks of bread and cheese and set out for home.

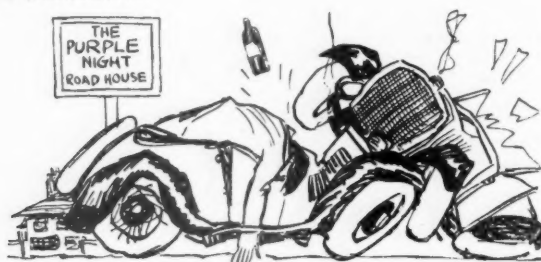
The roads were packed and going was slow. I

was still 20 miles from London when darkness fell. And it was then that the fun began.

By "fun," ladies and gentlemen, I mean a series of more drunkenness and rowdiness than it has been my misfortune to witness at any time or in any country.

All along the King's highway, on this main route to the South coast, are a series of palatial public-houses.

I do not know how many people the bars hold, nor how many can be accommodated in the space outside. All I know is that every bar was jammed to suffocation.



Charabancs were lined up all along the route and these were filled with boys and girls, still in their teens, sprawling over the seats shouting and waving beer bottles in the air.

**

A Grim Picture

I was reminded of those grim cartoons of eighteenth century England which made the name of Rowlandson immortal.

But they were grimmer than anything that came from his pen, for now and then, along this appalling road, there would be a cluster of people . . . the flash of a policeman's torch . . . a sudden slowing down of the traffic . . . announcing the fact that Death had walked on the King's highway . . . that a drunken motorist, or a drunken pedestrian, had added another to the list of inevitable tragedies.

Now, this is not "journalism," but truth. I can call witnesses. You can go and see the thing for yourself. You will be similarly revolted.

Am I wrong to tell this truth? Would it have been better to write something "charming" about British gardens, and beer in old English inns, and "liberty"? Better for me, perhaps, but impossible.

BEVERLEY NICHOLLS in the *Sunday Chronicle*.

**

The Cult of Ugliness

Our best philosophers—those at least whom I am proud to follow—tell us that the Creator reveals Himself to us under three attributes: Goodness, Truth, and Beauty.

It is not a matter of taste whether we call things right or wrong, true or false, beautiful or ugly. They are so, once for all, and to call evil good or good evil is not a blunder but a blasphemy.

Let us take the third of these absolute values, Beauty, and its opposite, Ugliness. I will explain presently why I have chosen the subject.

Beauty is the language in which the Creator speaks to us of Himself. Mankind has known the language three thousand years at least. We can read it in the book of nature, and in art; for artists know the language, which hardly changes at all. What was beautiful to the ancient Greeks and the mediæval Italians is beautiful to us.

I do not agree that Ugliness is absence of form or expression; it is false or vile expression.

DEAN INGE in the *Evening Standard*.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Death of a Youth

"In the early days of the siege of the Alcazar the Red authorities in Toledo called the patriot commander, Colonel Mascardo, to the telephone and told him:

" ' We are going to let your 18-years-old son, who is our prisoner, speak to you. Unless you surrender, we will shoot him at once.' "

" A moment later, the Colonel heard the young voice of his son saying, ' Father, it is I. What do you want me to do? ' "

"Die Like a Hero"

" Then, in brave, firm words, but with a deathly pale face, Colonel Mascardo replied:

" ' I order you, in the name of God, to call out " Long Live Spain; Long Live the Christ-King," and then die like a hero. Your father will never surrender.' "

" It is understood that the boy was killed almost immediately."

This story, which will live in history, was related to me in the presence of a group of men and women whose appearance will haunt my memory for the rest of my life.

Although their skin was grimed with smoke and dirt, there was something almost mystic in their drawn cheeks and sunken, luminous eyes.

**

"Women Wonderful"

They were like scarecrows with the faces of visionaries.

It was their eyes which revealed the whole secret of their heroic resistance. They were the eyes of men who had put away all thoughts of self; and the eyes of infinitely courageous wives and mothers who had shared unflinchingly the horrors of the siege.

HAROLD G. CARDOZO in the *Daily Mail*.

**

Geneva as Instrument of War

An attempt to use Geneva as an instrument of war was made on Monday by Mr. Litvinoff. In a robust and confident speech to the Assembly he

made his astonishing plea; that in effect Germany and Italy should be kept for ever out of the League and that the League should be turned into an organisation of war against all Governments not subscribing to the doctrines of Moscow. We were given the curious spectacle of the small States following such a lead. By contrast, Mr. Mackenzie King regaled the Assembly with excellent Canadian common sense. His plea was that the League should cease to be a coercive, and should be made into a conciliatory, medium. Can there be any doubt of the general British preference for the views of Mr. Mackenzie King rather than of Mr. Litvinoff?

The Observer.

**

Poverty-Stricken Russians

If the Russian worker wants to earn enough to live he has to work according to the Stakhanov system which has raised the standard so much above the average that the mass of workers can never reach it.

A working woman writes in *Leningrad Pravda*, a Communist paper, "We, that is, I myself and my little boy, who is a year-and-a-half old, my



brother and my sister who suffers from tuberculosis, live in one small and dark room. Our complaints brought before the Communist municipal commission have been fruitless. We are still living as before in these unbelievable conditions."

The Russian worker has to spend for his simple food which consists only of bread, cabbage soup and gruel, not less than 75 per cent. of his total income. He would have to spend twice the amount of the average wage to attain the standard of living which the German worker has.

**

Slaves of the Soviet

About six-and-a-half million people who work in the forced labour camps of the Soviet Union are living in a state of hell on earth. In three hundred cases there are projects put forward by the forced labour camps which squeeze the last ounce of work and energy out of the Bolshevik worker. Some hundred thousands of people had to be buried when the Stalin-Caspian Channel was built by forced-labour gangs.

The granaries of Soviet Russia, which formerly helped to supply Western Europe with the necessary cereals, are no longer in a position to feed their own population.

1,000,000 Women in Labour Camps

Izvestia reported, on May 28, 1934, how a girl denounced her father, who had kept back grain that had been commissioned by the Government. Under the terror her father was subject to the death penalty. The child received official congratulations for her act.

Women are forced to submit and surrender themselves to the arbitrary demands of the men and they have to earn their livelihood by heavy manual labour. Even in the labour camps, which have the worst reputation, there are more than one million women.

The practice of abortion, which went on without hindrance for eighteen years, has become so prevalent that the Soviets would now like to forbid it.

**

Propaganda to Suit Circumstances

Dr. Goebbels spoke only too truly when he said that every pact the bourgeois world made with Bolshevism was bound to be disastrous because of the natural law by which the stronger will always prevail over the weaker.

We have experienced the truth of this in our own dealings with the Soviet. We have concluded three Trade Agreements with the Soviet Government, every one of which it has flagrantly broken. Yet our Government continues to rely on its good faith, and even grants it a large loan for the promotion of orders for our goods, which never seem to materialise.

Bolshevism, too, is ready to compromise even on its most fundamental principles. Its propaganda can be extreme or moderate, religious or anti-religious, to suit the occasion.

**

Bolshevism in Tail Coats

Utterly immoral and without any sense of honour or conscience, Bolshevism makes use of all means which will serve its ends.

"In order to appear harmless and bourgeois in the eyes of Western Democracy," said Dr. Goebbels, "the Bolshevik 'diplomats' have even copied habits and behaviour of respectable persons, although the change must cost them an effort. But to us who know the Bolshevik tactics it causes only amusement to see how so many statesmen in Western Europe, who otherwise seem so intelligent, believe that Bolshevism has abandoned its plan of World Revolution because its diplomatic representatives now appear in tail coats and white collars."

Here we have seen Bolshevism exposed in theory and practice by an authority who speaks from knowledge and experience of its works. It is, according to the Nazi leader, an "infernal world pestilence" which must be eradicated and which is the duty of everyone.

Information.

Lady Houston at Margate

(Continued from Front Cover)

Mr. Elliot, the Minister of Agriculture, opposed a resolution demanding protection. He made a speech at times petulant and at times tearful, based on the political inexpediency of losing votes in the industrial areas.

The conference resented his complacent and equivocal tone. They were twice as warm to the mover of the resolution, Captain A. C. Rippin, of Horncastle Conservative Association, when that farmer took the platform for the second time to reply to Mr. Elliot.

At the close of his speech Mr. Elliot earnestly appealed to Captain Rippin to withdraw his resolution. At the beginning of his second speech, however, Captain Rippin replied: "I will go down with my guns firing rather than surrender."

There was a scene of great enthusiasm when a vote was taken. The show of hands in favour of the resolution was overwhelming. By contrast the hands showing against the resolution were so few—perhaps a third in number—that the party chiefs on the platform, after dithering for a few moments, did not dare put the question to a detailed roll-call.

A great roar of cheers went up at the notable victory when the chairman declared the resolution carried by a large majority. Mr. Elliot flushed and had a hurt and humbled air.

Terms of the resolution thus carried were:—

That this conference . . . while recognising that great efforts have been made by the Government on behalf of agriculture by various means, points out that prosperity has not been restored to agriculture, as is indicated by the further marked decline in agricultural employment.

These methods having proved disappointing, this conference urges the Government to adopt a general protective tariff on all agricultural produce at differential rates between foreign countries and our Dominions which would be both flexible and comprehensive in action; give immediate assistance to our agriculture generally; enable the payment of wages which would retain the farm worker in agriculture, and, being an insurance against

starvation in national emergency, would at the same time foster reciprocal inter-Empire trade.

Captain Rippin who is a considerable dairy and stock farmer, warned the Government that the fertility of the soil of Britain is declining because farming is impoverished. It would not be possible nowadays he said, to boost production in a war emergency, as was done in 1914 following many years of sound husbandry.

Fertility of the soil could not be brought about by Act of Parliament. Only good husbandry could do that, and the function of Government was to protect and to foster.

"Two gallons out of every three gallons of milk consumed in this country are imported in the form of dairy produce," he exclaimed. "The egg and bacon ships importing foreign produce are increasing in number. We must have fair play."

Mr. M. A. Caporn supported the resolution. His work as a pig grader under the bacon scheme takes him all over the east of England. He finds that everywhere he goes weeds are increasing on the land and farm buildings are in such disrepair that it is often dangerous to enter them.

20,000 A YEAR LEAVE LAND

"For six years," said Mr. Caporn, "there has been an average drop of 20,000 persons employed on the land. In 1933 alone there was a happy increase of 20,000, and that significantly happened immediately after the imposition of the tariff on fruit and vegetables.

"The number employed on the land to-day is slightly less than 750,000—almost 250,000 less than in 1921. We import £250,000,000 worth of non-tropical food each year, and yet we have a marvellous opportunity to grow it ourselves.

"We have the brains and the equipment, a fertile and productive soil, and an equable climate. My conviction is that we can get cheaper food by tariffs than by marketing schemes."

Captain Rippin's speech was dry humour in an ingratiating, non-aggressive manner and the con-

CONSERVATIVES *Emphatically* DEMAND CONSERVATISM

ference rallied to his side against the Minister and gave him a rousing cheer when he won the day.

Daily Express.

* * *

The Failure of Eden

Dramatic and unexpected support come from Lord Stonehaven, formerly chairman of the Conservative Party organisation, for the following resolution, which the party conference here to-day carried with only four dissentients:—

"That this conference notes with alarm the tendency of our Foreign Secretaries to usurp the duties of trained Ambassadors, and in the interest of world peace strongly urges the Government to reverse this policy."

"We ought to do our utmost," Lord Stonehaven declared, "to have the views of this motion carried into effect."

"Every time a Foreign Secretary goes abroad I have the feeling one would have if the First Lord of the Admiralty or the Secretary for War went in active command of battleships or a division of the Army. A man who is a skilful performer on the Front Bench of the House may cut a very poor figure if he has to tackle a Foreign Secretary in his own country, when time is limited."

SAFER UNDER OLD ORDER

"The prestige of the Foreign Secretary speaking in his own room to a foreign representative is a very valuable asset, and it ought not to be sacrificed, as it is, when the Foreign Secretary goes abroad and does work which ought to be done by the Ambassador."

"IF RESULTS ARE THE TEST OF SUCCESS, THE WORLD WAS A SAFER AND MORE COMFORTABLE PLACE UNDER THE OLD ORDER."

Mr. Patrick Boyle (North-Battersea) said that if the Foreign Secretary found it necessary to be

continuously abroad he was undermining the prestige of our Ambassadors in the eyes of foreigners.

"NO!" to Union of Parties Plan

THE CONFERENCE ALSO SPIRITEDLY DECIDED THAT IT WANTS TO KEEP "CONSERVATIVE" AS THE PARTY NAME, AND THAT IT WILL NOT COUNTENANCE ANY MOVES TO BRING THE NATIONAL LIBERAL AND THE NATIONAL LABOUR WINGS OF THE GOVERNMENT SUPPORTERS UNDER THE ONE PARTY BANNER, and it defeated emphatically a proposal that the Central Office should be urged to do all in its power to bring to one association as soon as possible all the elements supporting the National Government.

Mr. J. B. Blagden (North Battersea) opposed the motion. He objected to the suggestion that they should destroy the old name of Conservative. They should work to maintain a strong Conservative Party. It was the PARTY OF PROGRESS. He had yet to learn that they were ashamed of the word Conservative, which was many years old and belonged to a party with a great tradition.

GENEVA FUTILITIES

When a discussion arose on unemployment, Miss Carver (South Wales) said that if the Government had spent one tithe of the time on this problem that it had wasted in futile negotiations at Geneva—(the remainder of her sentence was lost in the applause).

The folly of sanctions was emphasised by Mr. A. R. Wise, M.P. (Smethwick), who said that the Italian market was permanently closed to South Wales as a result.

Margate is so Bracing

By C.H.

ON the eve of the Conservative Conference at Margate *The Times* newspaper announced in tones of ponderous affability that this was to be one of the quietest Conservative conferences on record. One thought instinctively of those

" . . . valleys of springs of rivers,
By Olney and Teem and Clun,
The country of easy livers,
The quietest under the sun,"

whereof the poet so happily sings. *The Times*, however, was mistaken. The Conservatives may be the party of easy livers, but on this occasion its behaviour was liverish to the point of ferocity. Before the proceedings were half through the Government had two black eyes and a sock in the jaw, and only the Tories' innate gentility and the fact that Baldwin had refrained from bumbling at them in person saved it from faring a deal worse.

NO MORE BLACK PACTS

The Government got its first poke in the eye when the Conference, in the teeth of Mr. Walter Elliot's apprehensive bleatings, passed a resolution demanding a programme of full-chested protection for British agriculture, and no more messing about with black pacts, quotas, subsidies and other half-baked Free Trade compromises.

The Conference landed on the other eye with a well-aimed resolution demanding a categorical assertion by the Government that in no circumstances will this country part with any of its mandates. This resolution, needless to say, was vehemently opposed by the Government, which fully intends to hand out mandated and other territories when the time is ripe as a juicy gesture of its determination not to let its pal, the League of Nations, down.

ORDER OF THE BOOT

The sock in the jaw did not take the form of a resolution but of a number of speeches in which the Conference, while agreeing that Sir Samuel Hoare might personally be doing his best, made it clear that the Government, unless booted hard and often, will never put its back into rearmament with the energy and vision that alone can avert future catastrophe.

The fact is that the Conference, in its manifest determination to ginger up the Government's Conservative rump, handed the attending Ministers a

jolt from which even the soothing unguents of *The Times* leader writer could not remove the sting.

AS ONE EYEWITNESS OBSERVED, ON LEAVING THE CONFERENCE HALL, YOU MIGHT HAVE SUPPOSED THAT THE WHOLE CONSERVATIVE PARTY HAD BEEN READING THE "SATURDAY REVIEW."

WHAT WE DEMANDED

Perhaps it has. It is certainly the fact that real Protection, coupled with the removal from the Cabinet of Free Trade addicts like the MacDonalds, the Prime Minister himself and the Cabinet's quota of half-converted Liberals, has been long and vehemently advocated by the *Saturday Review*. Certainly rearmament and plenty of it was being advocated by the *Saturday Review* while the Government was still doing poojah to the ridiculous Disarmament Conference and only Lord Rothermere's papers were pointing out how suicidal was the Government's refusal to rearm for fear, as Sir John Simon unctuously put it, that the other nations might be alarmed.

So it is with regard to the colonies and mandated territories. Time and again the *Saturday Review* has charged the Government with intending to betray the Empire by handing out hunks of it to any foreign country that demanded it with menaces.

AFRAID OF LITVINOFF?

Perhaps the members of the Government really hoped and still hope that they will never be required to stand and deliver. The fact remains that they funk and still funk saying so. They may fear to annoy the countries who are casting covetous eyes at the juicier portions of our African Empire. They may be afraid to annoy Litvinoff, who seems to exercise a mysterious influence over what passes for British foreign policy, by making it clear that in no circumstances will Russia be allowed to grab India. Or it may just be that Mr. Baldwin still shivers at the thought of doing or saying anything that he thinks will prevent him from continuing to pose as the great Tory-Socialist.

WHATEVER THE EXPLANATION, THE GOVERNMENT IS MORTALLY UNWILLING TO CRY "HANDS OFF OUR MANDATES AND COLONIES!" AND NOW THE CONSERVATIVE CONFERENCE HAS JOINED THE "SATURDAY

REVIEW" IN DEMANDING THAT JELLY-BELLY BALDWIN AND HIS HAND-PICKED TROUPE OF BONELESS WONDERS SHALL DO THAT VERY THING.

In yet another particular the Conservative Conference was given an opportunity of endorsing the *Saturday Review's* policy. This paper has persistently pointed out that Stanley Baldwin has repeatedly let the Empire, the country and the Conservative Party down, and is not a fit person, nor indeed ever was a fit person, to be Prime Minister, and that Mr. Neville Chamberlain, though by no means the ideal Prime Minister, is his only possible successor.

At the close of the Conference the Conservatives assembled heard Mr. Chamberlain nominally acting as Mr. Baldwin's mouthpiece, but in fact staking his own claim to step into Mr. Baldwin's shoes. The Conference approved and so will all Conserva-

tives. It would be faint praise indeed to say that Mr. Chamberlain will be an improvement on Mr. Baldwin—almost anybody would be. It is too soon, on the other hand, to welcome Mr. Chamberlain as the man who is going to monkey gland the Conservative Party and save the country from Communism, Crippsism, Trade Union Bugginsism, soapy Internationalism, snarling Pacifism and all the other paralysing and un-British "isms" that menace it.

It is enough to say that Mr. Neville Chamberlain has the guts and the brains and may have the vision.

IF HE WILL MAKE IT HIS FIRST BUSINESS TO SACK MR. ANTHONY EDEN AND BE HIS OWN FOREIGN MINISTER, AT ANY RATE UNTIL HE HAS SHAKEN THIS COUNTRY CLEAR OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS, HE WILL MAKE A GOOD BEGINNING.

Gold Rush

By Hamadryad

If the pound goes up or the dollar goes down,
If francs are slumping or guelders higher,
I'm never the richer by half-a-crown,
For it isn't my habit to take a flyer
In foreign exchanges. This flight from Gold
May thrill the City but leaves me cold.

* * *

Somehow or other I never could cull
A kick from the science of economics;
Wealth in the abstract is nearly as dull
As the so-called jokes in the weekly comics,
And there never was an economist yet
Who didn't go back on his own best bet.

* * *

There must be money if there's to be trade;
Cash and credit are old devices,
And money, since Adam, has always been made
By buying and selling at different prices,
But only in our day do men make pelf
By buying and selling the gold itself.

* * *

If A grows things he could sell to B,
And B makes something that A's requiring,
It does seem silly, if you ask me,
That neither can get what he's requiring,
Merely because they haven't enough
Of an otherwise useless yellow stuff.

Gold won't feed us or keep us warm;
Man can't harrow or hoe or hew with it.
It lends no strength to the fighter's arm;
There's little, in short, that man can do with it,
Yet it's ruled the world since the world began,
The maker and breaker of civilised man.

* * *

In vain we bury the stuff from sight
In the deep dark vaults of the Bank of England;
In vain fresh countries from gold take flight
Till it's still in use in scarce a single land.
The less man needs it the more he buys
Shares in the mines where the gold ore lies.

* * *

If it's not just a juggle of high finance,
And the Calf of Gold can't be restored, it
Seems that the U.S.A. and France,
Which have caused the fuss by the way they
hoard it,
Ought to be left with the lot on hand,
While some ampler basis of credit is planned.

* * *

It won't be planned for a long time yet;
Mammon will rule and man will labour,
While jealous governments pile up debt,
And there's never a nation that trusts its
neighbour,
And the wealth of the world is the gambler's spoil,
And a useless metal earns more than toil.

Is Neville Chamberlain Si

WAS Mr. Neville Chamberlain's speech at the Conservative Party Conference at Margate stimulating or was it not? Frankly, those of us who heard it were disheartened because, as is his habit, he only generalised. The Conservative Press have attempted to make the best of their prospective new leader and say that it was a "new Neville Chamberlain" who addressed the Conference.

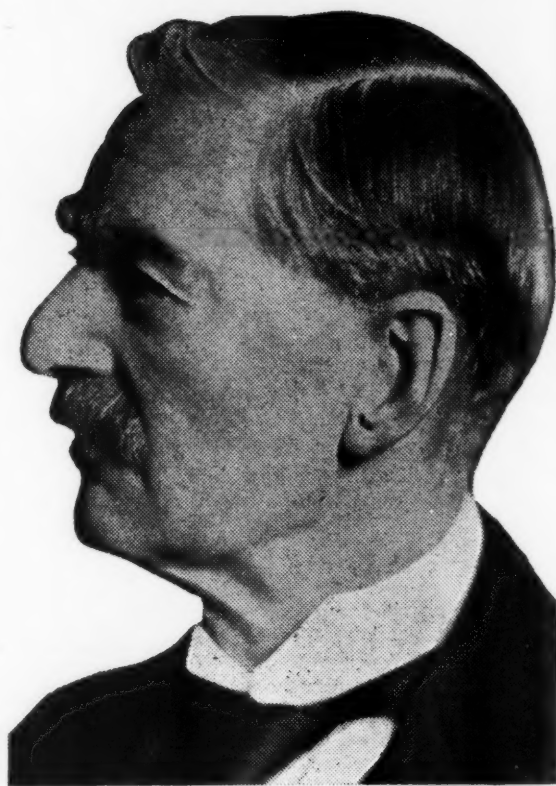
We are sorry not to be too sure about that. Mr. Chamberlain's stock-in-trade is flying kites, which soar aloft but sooner or later come down with a flop.

Obviously the most important subject of the Conference was the vital question of rearmament. It transcends in importance all others. Admittedly the necessity of an honest tariff to build up our agriculture, the necessity of taking steps to preserve our shipping in the Pacific, the necessity of not feebly handing over our mandates to any nation as a sop, and the necessity of reducing unemployment by judicious legislation are all questions of major importance. **But if we remain an unarmed nation, unready in a world armed to the hilt, of what avail anything if we are defeated and perhaps conquered?** Consequently it is on Mr. Chamberlain's rearmament statements that we must judge his sincerity and seriousness.

NOTHING DEFINITE

In his Margate speech we search in vain for anything definite from his lips. "Until it comes," he said, alluding to world peace brought about by collective action, "we have to think first of our own safety and the safety of those for whom we are responsible." Yes, Mr. Chamberlain, we have to think **AND ACT**. How much so far has been action and not mere thinking? "**WHEN**" he said, "we have made adequate provision for all that," turns on the word "when." "When" may mean a leisurely programme five years hence. He talked of his conviction that "the state of the world rendered it essential to embark on the largest programme of expenditure on defence that this country has ever undertaken in time of peace."

Mr. Chamberlain was cheered for that. Yet, it is singularly unconvincing and really disingenuous. This "largest programme" has no relation whatever to what this country has done



MR. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN

before. Compared with the vast expenditure in Germany, Italy, Russia and Japan on armaments by air, sea, and land, it is a miserable drop in the Ocean. It has not even enabled us to retain the balance of our relative inferiority. We have dropped farther and farther behind in the race. Mr. Chamberlain was merely throwing dust in the eyes of his supporters, and the more the passage is rung the more spurious it is.

Then he went on to say: "When that programme is complete we shall once more have a Navy adequate to protect our vital lines of communication." But that depends on what the other nations are doing. There is no sign of their resting on their oars. "We shall have an Army," says the Chancellor, "trifling in numbers, but equipped with the most modern weapons." What does this civilian know of other nations' equipment? "We shall have an Air Force which . . . will be second to none." All these "whens" and "shalls" are deliberately misleading, for they look on one side of the picture only and claim a superiority *some day* by virtue of a trifling two

Sincere ?

By KIM

hundred million against thousands of millions paid out plus conscription and the organisation of labour for cheap production. "I regard our Air Force *when fully developed*," said this prospective new prophet on whom the mantle of Elijah is to fall, "as the most formidable deterrent to war that could be devised." Only, Mr. Chamberlain, if you possess the men and the machines, but so far, this is just flying a kite. For rot of this sort the Conference should have shouted him down.

BELOW SAFETY MARK

Let us go back for a few years with Mr. Neville Chamberlain and see the sort of man he is. In 1932, he being then as now Chancellor of the Exchequer, Lady Houston wrote to him and offered to make a gift of £200,000 cash towards the five millions then required to render our Air Service safe. Lady Houston pointed out the huge expenditure of Russia and other countries and yet our national defences, far below the safety mark were sacrificed to what the Chancellor regarded as "National economy." At the same time he permitted vast expenditure on building Labour Exchanges while County Councils were allowed by the Treasury to embark on works of extravagant waste. "You," said Lady Houston, "You are the watchman, answerable to God and your country for the defence of the Nation. Can you, as watchman persist in a measure so fatally dangerous to the safety of your Country?"

And what did Mr. Chamberlain do? NOTHING! At last he treated Lady Houston's munificent offer with scorn and refused it. **FROM THEN ONWARDS UNTIL LAST YEAR HE DID NOTHING TO ASSIST REARMAMENT. IN FACT HE OPPOSED IT. HE BANKED ON THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS AND LET THE SAFETY OF THE BRITISH NATION DRIFT INTO THE SHADOWS.**

Last year, on September 21st, 1935, after over three years of utter neglect, he spoke at Floors Castle, Kelso, and admitted that Britain's defensive forces had fallen to a dangerously low level. "The time has come," he said, "when

we must bring our forces up to the minimum required for our own self-respect." Self-safety was the true word. The time had come, but our Watchman let it all pass on. *Nothing at all was done.* Hold! In Glasgow a month later he began again to show qualms. "I am not sure that this trouble," he said, referring to Italy and Abyssinia, "would ever have occurred if this country's defence forces had been stronger . . . we are satisfied that the time has come when we must speed up the pace again."

Speed up the pace! Oh yes, indeed! Lady Houston tackled the Chancellor as he deserved: "Whose fault is this, Mr. Chamberlain? In 1932 I pleaded with you, 'YOU are the Watchman answerable to God and to your country for the defence of the Nation. Can you, as Watchman, persist in a measure so fatally dangerous to the safety of your country?'" Then, further excusing his neglect Mr. Chamberlain said it seemed to him essential that the country should be clothed with unquestionable authority to carry out its policy to the end. What a poor fish! **ONCE AGAIN, LADY HOUSTON CRITICISED THE WATCHMAN WHO WATCHED BUT NEVER ACTED.** "On the contrary," she wrote, "the Government have taken upon themselves TOO MUCH authority without consulting the country in the disgraceful dragging down of the Defences of the Realm . . . 472 votes for Conservatism in the last Election were not given for Disarmament—giving away India and all your other Torts against your Country, Mr. Chamberlain."

LIP SERVICE

Well, there it is. Can any one distinguish any difference between the Mr. Chamberlain of 1932, 1935 and 1936? Is his attitude other than equivocation, rendering lip service to rearmament but doing nothing to provide the wherewithal? We are told by Sir Samuel Hoare that the 1936 Programme has gone along more quickly than expected, but what does this mean? How quickly? At the best the Programme is a wretched minimum, more as eye-wash to an apprehensive nation than a real response to the vast armaments mounting up abroad. Mr. Baldwin said in July, "We have got to go quickly," but the truth is the Government has made haste with the feet of a tortoise. It is playing with recruiting and dare not tell the public the truth.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN, IF HE REALLY MEANT BUSINESS WOULD ISSUE A REARMAMENT LOAN FOR A THOUSAND MILLION AT LEAST. IT COULD BE DONE. BUT THE WATCHMAN BLINKS HIS EYES TO REALITIES AND IS HUMBUGGING THE COUNTRY LIKE MR. BALDWIN AT HIS WORST.

RED TAPE and the FLEET AIR ARM

By Periscope

IF there is one portion of the Royal Navy which is to-day of more importance than another it is the Fleet Air Arm. Yet it is in this very arm that, despite all the glowing promises of rearmament, inefficiency of administration is actively encouraged by the National Government.

It has been aptly said that naval aircraft are to-day the eyes of the Fleet. **THESE VERY EYES ARE BEING BLINDED BY TANGLES OF RED TAPE WHICH ENSURE THAT EQUIPMENT IS OUT OF DATE, PILOTS ARE FOR THE MOST PART INEXPERIENCED IN THE VERY SPECIAL TASKS EXPECTED OF THEM, AND DISCONTENT REIGNS THROUGHOUT.**

And all because of departmental jealousy which Sir Thomas Inskip is either powerless to or unwilling to eradicate. Yet is this not just the sort of situation which a Minister for the Co-ordination of Defence was appointed to deal with in such a way as to produce the maximum efficiency for the defence of the British Empire? True, Sir Thomas has appointed a committee—but then, he has appointed a number of committees, none of which are ever likely or expected to report, and in the meantime there have been moves which seem to show that inefficiency is entrenching itself still further.

A Matter for the Navy

No thinking man can deny that naval aircraft operating with the Fleet must, if efficiency is to be attained, be an integral part of the Fleet, a weapon both trained and used by the commander of the fleet, in the same way as the aircraft carriers which carry the machines are trained and controlled entirely by the commander of the fleet as a definite unit of his command.

Such has been the confusion of thought as regards the defence of the British Empire, that this is not the case. The man who commands a fleet can certainly give orders to his attacked aircraft when actually at sea with the fleet. He, therefore, has some say in the training. But so soon as the ships arrive in harbour his flying personnel suddenly become the property of the Air Ministry. Moreover, the naval commander who has to handle his air arm in action has no say in the appointment of the men who will fly the machines. He may desire to put a well-trying officer in command of a certain flying unit. He cannot do so. All the appointments are made by the Air Ministry—by officers who have little or no knowledge of the peculiar problems arising in the use of the air arm in naval warfare, and as a rule less knowledge of the men whom they appoint to carry out various duties in the Fleet Air Arm.

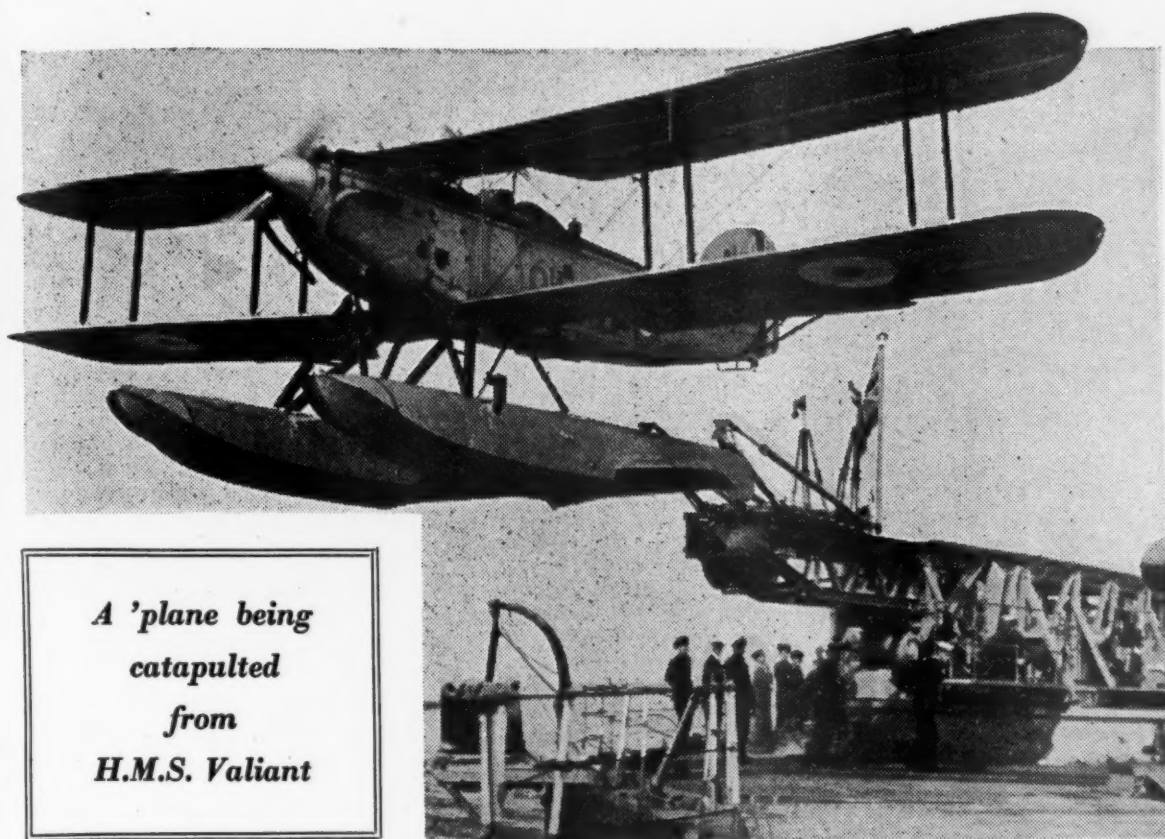
In the old days there was a Royal Naval Air Service and a Royal Flying Corps. Control of the Royal Naval Air Service came under the Air Ministry on the formation of the Royal Air Force. And then, consequent on the Balfour Committee, it was expressly stated that this was an experimental measure to be reviewed in the light of experience. Experience has shown the experiment to be both wasteful and inefficient. The Admiralty, fully aware of the dangers which are being run by the Empire owing to the present inefficient system of control, have made repeated requests for an impartial enquiry into the situation. **BUT NOTHING HAPPENS. LETTERS ARE LOST. NO TRACE OF THE RECORDS OF INTERVIEWS CAN BE FOUND. EVERYWHERE THERE IS OBSTRUCTIONISM. SUCH DISTINGUISHED MEN AS SIR ROGER KEYES, WHOSE KNOWLEDGE OF THE PROBLEMS OF EMPIRE DEFENCE ARE UNRIVALLED, URGE AN ENQUIRY. STILL NOTHING HAPPENS. WHY?**

He Made a Mistake

The reason is not far to seek. Mr. Baldwin is the nigger in the wood pile. He turns a deaf ear to representations in Parliament—when he is there to listen to them. He pleads more urgent business when tackled personally. He realises that there could be only one outcome of an impartial enquiry into this matter, and that it would entail him once again standing up in the House of Commons and reversing his past decisions with an admission that he had made a mistake. Even the Prime Minister, from his tottering eminence, can see that to do so a third time would be to court disaster.

And so things go on. Sir Thomas Inskip appoints a committee—presumably to keep people quiet, for it will never do anything else. And in the meantime a re-grouping of the units of the Royal Air Force is announced. This appoints a high officer to command the "Coastal Command." Reading between the lines one sees in this a manoeuvre to strengthen the grip of the Air Ministry upon the Fleet Air Arm and the coastal units of the Air Force, to perpetuate inefficiency in a vital department of Empire Defence.

Why this charge of inefficiency upon the present system of control of the Fleet Air Arm? In the first place there is the question of material. Under the present system money for the Fleet Air Arm is voted in the Navy Estimates. It is, therefore, a direct charge upon the Navy. Yet every machine which is required, and every bit of flying equipment, has to be supplied by the Air Ministry. It all has to be "indented for" to the Air Ministry



*A 'plane being
catapulted
from
H.M.S. Valiant*

by the Admiralty. There follow innumerable arguments, at which the officers of the Fleet Air Arm, many of whom have greater flying experience than the men with whom they have to deal in the Air Ministry, explain patiently the peculiar characteristics required in machines to be operated from aircraft carriers or from catapults.

And even then the material is often not forthcoming. It is, perhaps, natural that a Ministry responsible for a particular Service should give the lion's share of attention to its own Service rather than to what is, when all is said and done, a portion of another Service. Be that as it may, the machines and equipment provided by the Air Ministry for the Fleet Air Arm are older and far inferior to those at the disposal of the Royal Air Force.

Discipline

Then there is the question of personnel. In order to preserve some sort of discipline when machines are landed from aircraft carriers, every naval officer of the Fleet Air Arm has to be given a parallel—but usually more junior—rank in the Royal Air Force. All the observers of the Fleet Air Arm are highly experienced officers and most of them are, at least, of Lieutenant-Commander's rank. Yet they may have to take to the air under the direction of an utterly inexperienced young Flying Officer, or even a Sergeant Pilot whom the Air Ministry has seen fit to appoint to the Fleet Air Arm. In the air the pilot necessarily takes command. Yet in the majority of cases the pilot knows less than nothing of the finer points of naval strategy and tactics—points which, if borne in

mind, may lead to decisive action being taken or decisive information being given to the naval commander-in-chief.

The Royal Air Force being considered as a whole, rather than as highly specialised wings of the Army and Navy leads to inefficiency and confusion. One of the most difficult parts of Service flying is to fly over the sea, search an area, and recognise any ship sighted from a distance. All this requires special training, and it cannot be learnt in a day. Yet one will find flight commanders of the Royal Air Force appointed to take charge of Fleet Air Arm Aircraft or flying Boats. The fact that these officers have proved themselves in the realm of army-co-operation appears to weigh nothing with the Air Ministry. It is a case of Ian Hay's "practical joke department" carried to lengths which makes it a danger to the security of the Empire.

And, partly, but not wholly, because of this extraordinary system, the Fleet Air Arm can muster far fewer ship-borne aircraft than can either the United States or Japan. Small wonder that an American Admiral who had studied what we are pleased to call our "system," stated that the British Navy is thoroughly dissatisfied with its Fleet Air Arm, which is ten years behind that of the United States.

Surely no nation but Great Britain would allow such a state of affairs to persist in the face of frantic proposals for rearmament, and a Minister specially appointed to see that efficiency prevails in rearmament?

An Insult to Germany

By Meriel Buchanan



Soviet troops of the Moscow Infantry Division parading in Red Square.

NOT only the Press but our present-day politicians seem determined to compare National Socialism with Bolshevism, regardless of the fact that the English papers are freely read in Germany and that Herr Hitler can hardly be pleased when he sees that in England the great Nazi State he has built up, imbued with the purest idealism and sincerity is put on the same level as Bolshevism, the Government of murderers and criminals who rule in the Kremlin.

On October 2nd we find Sir Austen Chamberlain in his reply to a letter from Professor Sarolea saying blandly, "The Bolshevik pot is no doubt as black as the Nazi kettle. . . . Surely the German claim is that Nazism is the antithesis of Bolshevism and the sure buckler of Europe against its dangers? How can this claim be made good when the only defence for the German methods is that they resemble the Bolshevik like two peas?" And on September 29th we find an article by "Augur" in the *Morning Post* drawing a com-

parison between the Gestapo (the German Secret Police) and the Russian OGPU, as well as between the German Reichswehr and the Red Army of Russia, and declaring that in fact "National Socialism and Bolshevism are related so closely that one is tempted to consider the terms interchangeable."

At a time like the present, when England is in danger of coming to some new agreement with Russia, both "Augur" and Sir Austen Chamberlain are surely doing this country unutterable harm in making statements which are entirely without foundation, and which misrepresent the true facts and may sway those people who do not know these facts into a totally erroneous judgment.

A FREE PEOPLE

During my recent visit to Germany for the Nazi Celebrations, I saw only happy faces around me; I saw a people united in one spirit of friendship and comradeship, a people who walked in the sun, from whom the shadow of fear had been lifted. I had not been in Germany since 1913; my recollections were influenced by the impressions of pre-war Berlin intensely Prussian, disciplined and rigid and overbearing and entirely dominated by the Jews; I had admired from afar what Hitler had done to alter this state of things, but yet I was prepared to see a people brow-beaten, cowed and dragooned by hectoring, overbearing masters.

INSTEAD, EVERYWHERE I WENT I FOUND A SPIRIT OF GOOD FELLOWSHIP AND CHEERFULNESS AND FRIENDLINESS. EVERYWHERE THERE WERE SIGNS OF INCREASING PROSPERITY, EVERYWHERE THERE WAS SCRUPULOUS CLEANLINESS, NEW BUILDINGS, NEW SHOPS, NEW HOUSES, EFFICIENCY AND COMFORT.

Whether I visited the offices of Ministers, the big hotels, the Camps or little country beer gardens; whether I travelled in a train or a tram, whether I drove down country roads or wandered in the little by-streets of the towns, it was always the same: a smiling cheerfulness on all faces, a spontaneous friendliness and, whenever Hitler's name was mentioned, a fervour of adoration was made manifest that could not possibly have been produced by fear or by propaganda. "He is a man sent from God to deliver Germany," an old peasant woman said to me once with tears running down her cheeks. "Where would we be now if he had not come forward to save us?"

Could a tourist in Russia wander alone from place to place, unfollowed, unspied upon, talking freely with people of all degrees, all classes, all

stations? Not so long ago I, myself, was refused a visa to visit Russia, but in my recent visit to Germany I was not only allowed to go wherever I liked, and talk to whom I liked, but I was actually given a sort of A.D.C. to do whatever he could to make my visit comfortable and make certain that I missed nothing.

And how can one describe the Reichswehr as in any way similar to the Red Army? Do the men who join the Reichswehr have to take the oath which is imposed upon every Red soldier: "As a son of the people I take up the military career in the army of the workers and the peasants. In front of all the working classes of the Union of Socialised Soviet Republics I resolve to spare neither my strength nor my life in the cause of Socialism and the Fraternisation of all the peoples of the world"? **Is not one fundamental thought deeply imprinted in the mind of every Red soldier, that to be a Communist is to be a soldier of the Revolution? Does such a thought ever enter the head of a single man of the Reichswehr?**



Hitler, the idol of Germany, acknowledging cheers as he left Weimar Castle

Sir Austen Chamberlain seems to sweep aside the danger of Soviet propaganda; and "Augur" declares that Stalin has no use for the Communist International at home and that abroad, apart from Spain, there has been "nothing worth while to show in return for the subsidy paid by the Kremlin." What about the strikes in France and Dimitroff's words of praise last year to the French workers for the advance they had made in the cause of World Revolution? What about the intensive Communist propaganda in America and the creation of that dangerous association "The Red Front"? What about the unrest which is incessantly being stirred up in the Colonies? What about the money and instructions which were sent from Moscow for the proposed Hunger-March on London?

When people talk about the decay of the International in Russia and the advisability of good relationship with Moscow, they have not perhaps studied the speeches held at the seventh World Congress of the Communist International in July and August, 1935, all of which took a World Revolutionary direction. To quote at random

only one point from a speech made by the Chinese delegate, Wan Min, "Under the present international conditions of the class struggle it is absolutely necessary for us at all costs to achieve a real fighting, revolutionary and united world front of the Proletariat in the capitalistic countries together with the oppressed peoples of the entire colonial world. We have the staunch fort of the revolutionary struggle—the U.S.S.R.—we have a unified world party—the Communist International, and we have the one leader and chief, the Great Stalin."

What an ingenuous statement, to say that "apart from desiring to promote a revolution in the world Russia has no desire for conquests." Is the desire to promote revolution not enough? Has she not for the past twenty years been consistently and unceasingly sowing the seeds of unrest and revolt in every country of the world?

CAN SIR AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN HONESTLY DENY THAT THE AIM OF THE KREMLIN IS TO PROMOTE A WORLD REVOLUTION?

The League on the Run

By Robert Machray

LOVERS and friends of the League of Nations will scarcely find much comfort or solace in the meetings of either the Assembly or the Council. This is particularly the case respecting the proceedings and action of the Council in the matter of Danzig. Some three months ago, in circumstances which made the League the laughing stock of the world and will be remembered when far more important things are forgotten, Danzig damned Geneva and all its works. The turn of the League came last week, with the result that Geneva funked and ran away from Danzig, under cover of a sort of smoke-screen that could blind nobody to the facts.

Two or three days before, the partisans of the League had rejoicingly said that it had recovered and reasserted its authority by the vote for the inclusion of Abyssinia, which meant the exclusion of Italy, though that was hardly a wise step in view of the continued international crisis, as the clearer-sighted of the Leaguers saw well enough. Two or three more days passed, and the question of Danzig came up. It was not a question of settling a difference with Poland, as so many questions connected with Danzig had been in the past history of the League. It was clearly and unmistakably the question of the authority of the League itself.

DAMNED AND DERIDED

The importance of Danzig may, of course, be exaggerated, but it is undoubtedly true that its attitude to Geneva last July excited universal interest and comment. The League had not only been damned, but had been derided and made ridiculous by Herr Greiser, the head of the Free City Government. Temporarily the League got out of the hole by pretending the hole didn't exist—at Mr. Anthony Eden's suggestion. But the pretence could not be maintained very long; something had to be done, especially as the High Commissioner of the League, the representative of its authority in Danzig, Mr. Sean Lester, was determined not to be ignored by it, however much he was ignored by the authorities of the Free City. The stage was set for the September Council.

Meanwhile the *Leipzig* cruiser incident which had precipitated a crisis in Danzig in June-July, and brought matters to flash-point, had been liquidated, if that is the proper word, by diplomatic interchanges between Poland, acting for the League, and Germany, the latter affirming that the affair was really destitute of political significance, and was not intended to suggest an attack on anybody's rights. It will be recalled that the captain of the German warship declined to recognise Lester by refusing to pay him the usual courtesy visit, at once a snub for Lester and an affront to the League. What was plain from the

captain's action was that Lester was *persona non grata* quite as much to Germany as to Danzig.

Up to the meeting of the Council the Danzig Government did not cease to manifest its hostility to Lester—in fact, it sent him to Coventry, and, besides, harassed him, it is said, by spying, tapping his wires, and so forth. He had incurred the enmity of that Government, which, be it remembered, is Nazi, by protecting the non-Nazi Opposition, a course his position as High Commissioner justified, but was abhorrent to the Nazis, with their totalitarian principles. And during those three months the Danzig Government continued deliberately to carry out its programme of stifling the Opposition by arresting its members and abolishing their organisations, among them being the Socialist Trade Unions, just as if Lester and the League belonged to some other world.

Well did the Council know the exact situation, and what did it do? Its bounden duty was to stand by Lester, its representative, and from its standpoint an excellent representative, but did it? Its authority was vested in the High Commissioner, but it did not even attempt to re-establish him in his position. Simply, it funked the job, and then proceeded to soothe what must be supposed to be his injured feelings by providing him with another post—that of Deputy Secretary-General—one of the best in its gift, and certainly not a bad *solatium*, though qualified by the arrangement that he will have this billet only when his successor in Danzig is appointed, and that that will not happen till "normal conditions" obtain in the Free City.

NOT A HOPE!

In the meantime the League is going to negotiate with the Danzig Government with the object of procuring those normal conditions. Is there any likelihood of its success? The answer is: Not a hope! A true view of the situation *vis-à-vis* the League and the Free City was given by the Geneva correspondent of the *Daily Herald*, who, more in sorrow than in anger, said on this point: "Though one cannot be sure just how it will be done and what agreement will be made, *we are getting very near to the complete abolition of League supervision over Danzig.*"

While the precise political future of Danzig may be uncertain, there can be no uncertainty about the fact that with respect to Danzig the League has suffered another most serious defeat, with absolutely no mitigating circumstances. The Free City itself, with a population of 400,000, is a relatively small affair, but one of the greatest Powers is involved in it. Having tried conclusions with Italy and failed, the League now runs away from trying conclusions with Germany—in which, doubtless, it is well-advised. Here, then, is another proof of Geneva's impotence. Yet our Government continues to support it!

Friend or Villain?

By Dan Russell

IT had been a hot summer. For many weeks the sun had blazed down upon the earth and baked it to the hardness of iron. The river had shrunk to a mere trickle of discoloured water. The leaves of the turnips and mangolds drooped disconsolately in the heat, hordes of flies and insects buzzed above the roots to the great delight of the fly-catchers and wagtails. The cattle spent the days in the shade of the trees or stood knee deep in the slimy cattle ponds. These blazing days were a sore trial to both bird and beast.

But to none did they bring greater hardship than to the rooks. The ground was so hard that even their pickaxe-like beaks could not penetrate it when they tried to dig for leatherjackets or wireworms. At every hammer blow their beaks bounced from the earth with a jar that ran painfully through their whole bodies. Sad indeed was their plight, for they were no fly-catchers like the wagtails; their food was the fat grubs which lived beneath the surface of the ground.

They sat and cawed disconsolately in their rookery. Food they must have, and if they could not get their usual fare then they must try something else. For long they sat in the tree tops and debated this all-important question, and at last it seemed that they had solved the problem, for with one accord they rose and flew away over the surrounding countryside.

Black Shadows

There were eight new-laid eggs in the nests in the farmer's hen-house. A hen was still cackling as she stepped triumphantly to the floor when a black shadow swept in through the open door. It was followed by a second and a third. Hastily they stepped up to the nests and began to feed. In a very few moments the eggs were gone and the rooks beat a hasty retreat. Outside the hen-house they were joined by the sentinel who had been keeping watch. Together they flew after more plunder.

In a ditch in the ten-acre field a sheep lay on its back. A sheep in this position is helpless and cannot regain its feet. The sheep had been there for many hours and had grown weak. Now and then it plunged frantically in an endeavour to right itself, but to no avail; it was absolutely helpless. Suddenly it became aware of three black birds sitting in a tree overhead and gazing solemnly down at it. The sheep bleated despairingly and watched the rooks as they conferred together. All at once they swooped down together, and the sheep saw nothing after that. It had no eyes to see. This is an incident which I hesitate to record, but in justice it must be done, as it is true.

Not far from the rookery there is an old, disused sand pit which is now riddled with rabbit holes. The farmer likes to have the rabbits here as he

often gets a good day's ferreting in the sand pit. Four ruffianly old rooks perched themselves in a pine tree near the warren and waited. Many rabbits were hopping about and biting at the coarse, dry grass, but of these the rooks took no heed. They knew what they were after, and bided their time in patience.

At length their vigil was rewarded. A very young and inexperienced rabbit ran out of a burrow beneath the four raiders. He was too young and foolish to realise the danger of stopping near those four motionless black figures. He halted and bathed himself in the warm rays of the sun. The rooks peered down, then they looked at each other with their heads on one side. The rabbit was aware of four dark figures floating down upon him and then a powerful beak crushed in his little skull. The rooks gathered round their feast, and when they rose there was no scrap of flesh or hide upon the ground. Only a few clean-picked bones remained to tell the tale of an unlucky rabbit.

Easy Meals

That rabbit warren was a lucky find for the rooks. Several times during the days that followed they got easy meals there. So easy indeed was their hunting that they relaxed some of their habitual caution, so that one day the farmer surprised them at their butcher's work. The man exclaimed aloud as he saw the rooks rising from a newly killed rabbit, and in a flash he realised the culprits who had been stealing his eggs. This was a serious matter and could not go unpunished. On the morrow he would show these rooks that crime did not pay. He went home and oiled his gun.

But that night came the rain. It not only rained, it poured so that the whole countryside was drenched with water. The rooks in their swaying tree tops cawed with glee as the rain-drops soused down upon them. Here was an end to thieving, and they could go back to their usual mode of life. With the dawn they were up and away.

The farmer came out to a moist and steamy world. He shouldered his gun and marched over to the rookery, but the villains were not there. He tramped on, both eyes alert for his enemies. As he approached the big turnip field he moved with more caution. He peeped over the hedge to see whether his foes were near. One look he gave and then stared in perplexity. Up and down the furrows marched the rooks, beaks going like hammers as they dug into the earth for those terrible pests the dreaded leatherjackets. The farmer knew that very soon the field would be clear of all such parasites. He scratched his head. "What be I to do," he muttered, "what the devil be 'em, friend or foe?"

The Devil's Kinde

THE Catholic Church and Bloody Bolshevik Communism are in complete agreement on one—only one—fundamental truth—**THE ALL IMPORTANCE OF WINNING THE HEART AND MIND OF A CHILD.**

Any great movement that is destined to capture the mind of mankind must aim at reaching the souls of children and youths, and influencing their outlook and character from the beginning. The Catholic Church's fight for religious teaching and a religious atmosphere in the schools where Catholic children are being educated, is the expression of this conviction.

Russian Bolshevism realised that it is never too soon to train the child in its anti-God hatred of all that Christianity stands for. "Religious faith and the idea of God must be stamped out and replaced by science and machine." So says the Teachers International, the organ of the Educational Workers' League, formed in 1922 for spreading Communism among school teachers.

At the Moscow Conference of the directors of infant schools in 1931, it was even maintained that to start training the children in blasphemy at two years old was too late! Their first words should be blasphemous, lest some Christian mother should teach her baby to lisp a prayer to God and to Jesus Christ and so destroy the hatred of God which Bolshevism would wish to inspire in the hearts of infants at the dawning of consciousness.

"WE HATE CHRISTIANS"

Lunacharsky, the Commissar of Education, writing in a Moscow review, recognises that the family influence is often an obstacle to this plan to capture the child from infancy. "The family is the perennial source of individual and traditional ideas: its destruction, therefore, is the aim of Communism, which is the creation of collectivist men and women."

The same Lunacharsky wrote: "We hate Christianity and Christians, the best of them must be looked upon as our worst enemies. They preach the love of our neighbours and mercy, which is contrary to our principles. **Christian love is an obstacle to the development of the revolution. Down with love of our neighbours! We must learn how to hate and it is only by hate that we shall conquer the world.**"

"All religious ideas are an unspeakable abomination," said Lenin, hence the child's mind must be as carefully protected from them from infancy and childhood as its body must be guarded against germs of deadly disease. The Communist aim to-day is the same as what it was when Zinovieff proudly declared war on God in his oft-quoted blasphemous words: "We will grapple with the Lord God in due season. We shall vanquish Him in His highest heaven and wherever He seeks refuge, we shall subdue Him for ever."

By **FATHER FRANCIS WOODLOCK, S.J.**

Their plan of campaign seems to boast that God shall not find a throne or dwelling place in the hearts of children!

It is only a few years since the campaign of Communism against children in England was made public in the House of Lords during the discussion of Lord Danesford's Bill to forbid the teaching of blasphemy to children. The promoter of the Bill relied upon the Communists' own publications for

A lesson for young peasants in one of the newly opened anti-religious schools near Moscow. Lunacharsky, former Commissar for Education, wrote: "Christian love is an obstacle to the development of the revolution. Down with love of our neighbours!"



his facts. Young Communist Leagues and Communist schools were established in England and most other countries as the outcome of the Second Young Communist International Congress held in Germany in 1921. There has been issued a very extensive literature, pamphlets, weeklies, monthlies and song books of many sorts, all aimed at securing the Bolshevik International Revolution. A Glasgow pamphlet on *How to conduct a Proletarian School*, laid down that:

ndergarten

"To teach the children the ideal of revolution should be the primary object: a boy and girl should be learned (*sic*) a real, live, red-hot revolutionary speech to take about ten minutes."

To "revolution" propaganda is added, as fundamental to the Communist training of children, blasphemous, anti-religious teaching which I forbear to quote. The "Young Comrades League" for children from 4 to 14 and the Young Communist League from 14 to 25, founded in 1926, are "feeders" to the Communist Party, and are the British section of the International juvenile movement for Communism.

The publicity given in Parliament to the Communist attack on children and youth so stirred public opinion that Communism has gone "canny"

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in its *open* propaganda, but it has not abandoned its ultimate objective. The Communist Party has modified its plan and no longer openly makes a frontal attack. It would seek rather to penetrate into a number of British youth organisations, and it seeks through carefully trained members of the Communist Party gaining influence gradually to infect them with the virus of revolution and atheism.

This plan of campaign was agreed on at the Sixth

World Congress of the Young Communist International in October of last year. The anti-Fascist and "pro-peace" ideals of other youth organisations was to be the bond of union and basis of a co-operation which would give Communism an entry: and then it would be up to the trained Communists to do their work for the International and Moscow. *Challenge* is a Communist publication addressed to youth, and speaking at a meeting of the London District Committee of the Communist Party last February, "Comrade" Wainwright said: "*Challenge* can be of paramount importance as a paper that can get into the League of Nations Union, the Boy Scouts, the Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. and other bodies into which Communist papers cannot enter. Boy Scouts must take it. *Challenge* is one of our finest weapons for winning over bourgeois youth."

PERIL IN THE SCHOOLS

With regard to teachers in our schools, one teacher at the conference reported that there are some 35 to 40 school teachers in the London district who are members of the Communist Party. However, they are safe from inquisition as to their religious views on account of the success of the "No Tests for Teacher" slogan and legislation which secures them departmental protection from interference. Yet each of these, as a good Communist, must have the anti-religious aim of the movement at heart and may be doing grave harm insidiously to the children he or she teaches.

A short while ago I wrote to *The Times* saying how I had been informed on reliable authority that in the north of England recently a "C. of E." parson went "in mufti" to a Communist Sunday School in his town and was admitted by the superintendent, who imprudently thought him to be a sympathetic visitor. The children were being taught rank atheism, and at the end of the class paraded before a picture of Christ and *spat on it*. The parson assaulted the superintendent! I asked for information from readers of *The Times* as to the number of these schools and of the children attending them. I got little authentic information, but several letters from writers whom I diagnosed as Communists, demanding the name of the parson and the place, questions I had no right to answer.

I do not believe there are many schools where blasphemy is taught so openly, but I see every sign that the announced change of policy is but a ruse. **OUR CHILDREN AND YOUTHS ARE IN PERHAPS GREATER DANGER BECAUSE OF THE CAUTION BEING USED. OUR WORKERS ARE NOT READY YET FOR PLAIN MOSCOW DIET OF BLOODY REVOLUTION AND ATHEISTIC BLASPHEMY BEING TAUGHT TO THEIR CHILDREN!**

Let me end by again quoting in your pages the final words of the "Red Dawn" manifesto addressed to youth: they express the message that is in the hearts of the owners of *Challenge*, though they dare not reprint it as a message to English Boy Scouts!

"By leaving all myths behind you, in burying God and dead Christs, by creating a new world and waving the Red Flag, you will become a child of life."

We invite our readers
to write to us express-
ing their views on
matters of current
:: :: interest :: ::

WHAT OUR

Correspondents who wish their letters published in the following issue are requested to arrange for them to reach us as early as possible.

The Arch-Hypocrite of Canterbury

MADAM,—

Will no one "fearlessly condemn" the Archbishop of Canterbury for ignoring the evil work of the Reds in hunting down to a terrible death Spanish Christians?

The voice so loud over the sufferings of Jews and Abyssinians is dumb now.

What a spectacle of Church and State both tied to Socialist heels! Pray God the nation may awake and your efforts lead the way.

"AN ANXIOUS SUBSCRIBER."

Buckfast, S. Devon.

The Bishops and Spain

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

In a previous letter on this subject I deplored the fact that the Anglican Bishops had not pointed out to their flocks that the conflict in Spain was in essence a fight between Christianity and Atheistic Communism. In the meantime the Archbishop of Canterbury indicated that he was not taking sides because tales had reached his ears of atrocities having been perpetrated by both sides, namely, the "Government" troops and the so-called "Rebels."

In the face of the information which has deluged our country, such an attitude indicates either lack of discerning power, or lack of interest in Spanish Affairs.

In the "Government" held towns to-day the outward or public practice of the Christian religion has ceased, and ceased because the official celebrants have been exterminated and their churches destroyed. The few churches that remain in Madrid, Malaga, Barcelona, and Toledo, remain because the savage "Government" hordes are forced to realise that they are gems of antiquity which cannot be replaced.

Wholesale Murders

Four hundred priests and nuns were executed in Barcelona alone. These represented official Christianity and the secluded Christian contemplative life. They gave public witness to the atheistic mob of their devotion to Christ and his Commandments, which include the observance of law and order and respect for public and private property. The "Government" robbers and thieves have shot down and crucified these permanent representatives of law and order that they might continue unhampered in their dastardly work of confiscating shops, banks and factories, and shooting the lawful owners.

On the other hand, we find that in the "rebel" areas priests and nuns are allowed to carry on their normal duties. Not a church or a chapel has been destroyed in the towns held by the anti-Red forces from the beginning of hostilities. In Burgos church services are attended with enthusiasm, and in Valladolid the English College for the training of novices for the priesthood proceeds with its normal work.

It is well known that Spanish priests who have escaped with their lives from the Red areas have made their way back to the parts of Spain which are in anti-Red hands. In the anti-Red areas the ownership of private property, factories, etc., is acknowledged and respected.

B. S. C., LONDON.

Slough.

A Tornado of Atrocities

MADAM,—

The ignorance, or prejudice, of those organs of the British Press that have so persistently confused the issues at stake in this Spanish Civil War by calling Loyalists "Rebels," must have received a shock from the news they had to print recently from Toledo.

Do they still maintain that the "Government" was constitutionally elected, and that it did not seize power by terrorism and violence? If so, evidence to the contrary is still available.

Before this last tornado of atrocity, even the Red carnage of the cities seems to pale. It seals the fate of the Russo-Spanish savages, but the list of their victims is not yet full. Nightly murders continue, for the U.G.T., the C.N.T., and the F.A.I. shoot at sight. No respectable citizen may have any arms to protect his family or his property, but every little gutter snipe, boy or girl, has arms and ammunition for the asking.

Such is "Democracy" in Spain.

J. ALBAN FRASER,
Formerly Vice Consul for Spain in
Bristol and the West of England.

Shirehampton, Glos.

The Truth About the Moors

DEAR MADAM,—

One reads in the daily newspaper subsidised in London by Soviet Russia of "an army of black African savages let loose on the white Spanish population," accompanied by pictures of Moorish troops. The writer is ignorant of Spanish history or is deliberately misleading his readers for purposes of political propaganda.

The "savages" are not black, and many of them must be descendants of the Moors who occupied Spain for several centuries and introduced into it a high standard of civilisation for those times—witness the genius of architecture in Seville, Cordoba and parts of Toledo.

Most of the irrigation for agriculture in South Spain is Moorish. There is Moorish blood in a large percentage of Spaniards of the South, and the "savages" in the pictures (who are not black and curly headed) show a distinct family resemblance to many Andalusian peasants, only they are mostly taller.

The "savages," who are Moslems, would certainly not murder their priests nor maltreat their women as the disciples of Bolshevism in Spain are doing. It is the despair of students of history to read of the depths of misrepresentation sounded by writers to the Press for the sake of Red propaganda.

Wallington.

A Contrast in Leaders

DEAR MADAM,—

At Nuremberg in September, 1936, Hitler said: "Be Men, Do Right, Do your Duty and God will never desert Germany."

At Wishaw on June 20th, 1936, Bumbling Baldwin said:

"I get very bored on looking at my old speeches, and I conclude everyone else does, naturally, as well."

ALEX. C. SCRIMGEOUR.

Honer, South Mundham,
Chichester.

READERS THINK

Fair Play For Our Air Lines

[From Lord Townshend of Raynham.]

SIR,—The article published in your issue of September 26th does more than ventilate a grievance of the travelling public.

It must be patent that the hindrance to the development of the air line companies affected by the restriction of booking facilities hampers also the efforts of our aircraft manufacturers to keep the design of commercial aircraft ahead of foreign competition, since the operating companies cannot justify new orders when their machines are running almost empty.

Furthermore, the large number of travel agencies in this country feel very strongly on the matter, as the embargo deprives them of business which is legitimately theirs.

It is high time that a privileged body, like the railway companies, should cease to deny important travelling facilities to the public, from whom they draw their revenue, and for whose benefit they have been strengthened by the law of the realm.

TOWNSHEND OF RAYNHAM.

78, Avenue Road,
Regent's Park, N.W.

Disgraceful Discrimination

SIR,—May I congratulate you for exposing the anomalous state of affairs existing in respect of the booking ban imposed by the railway companies on travel agents over continental air line bookings?

The willingness of agents to book for foreign lines, while excluding one of our own Government subsidised companies, raises the obvious inference, in the eyes of our many foreign and overseas visitors, that there must be some good reason why responsible agents will not commit their clients to the care of these stigmatised British lines.

National prestige is a matter which is not greatly regarded these days, but I feel, nevertheless, that disregard of prestige is not far removed from actions which deliberately militate against the good name of the country.

W. H. ALEXANDER.

109, Lauderdale Mansions,
Maida Vale, W.9.

Hands Out to Germany

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

Thank God for your splendid paper, which is a real blessing and a joy to read, a paper which constantly upholds our beloved country and brings out into the open the shilly-shallying of our weak-kneed statesmen and the stupid folly of Mr. Anthony Eden.

I am just back from a visit to Germany, and it was indeed delightful to be amongst a people so friendly, courteous and so obviously united.

One evening in Nuremberg taught me a lot, and it was wonderful to see the love and reverence displayed towards an adored leader.

The good qualities of this great people are too many to enumerate, and are well worthy of their beautiful country.

Germany wants to be our friend, and if we would only stretch out our hand it would be eagerly grasped.

Is it but a dream this alliance 'twixt Britain, Germany and Italy?

Together, firmly united, they could command the peace of Europe and the rotten stench of Bolshevism would be blotted out.

EDMUND GRAHAM.

14, Selborne Road, Hove, Sussex.

Join Germany and Italy

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

May I show my appreciation of your excellent paper, the *Saturday Review*, and of its spirited attack against Bolshevism? The sentiments and views expressed within its pages are so thoroughly patriotic that the rest of the British Press would do well to follow your example and make a firm and united stand against the increasing terrors of Communism.

We all talk and prate so much about peace; but how few of us seem to realise the danger we are running through the indifferent cowardly attitude of the British Government towards all European affairs.

We must unite ourselves with Germany and Italy. Such an alliance would guarantee peace for several years to come. It would improve trade relationships between the three countries and it would protect Europe from the spreading menace of Bolshevism. There is no other way. We cannot afford to wait and see which way the wind blows. It is up to the British Government to act now.

I only hope that your paper will have every success in the future, and, moreover, that it will convince the people of England that Soviet Russia is an enemy to all civilised countries, and that we should take every step to drive its ungodlike influence from our beloved shores.

JOHN G. COGGAN.

42, Mapperley Road,
Nottingham.

Our Contemptible Premier

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I feel sure I am voicing the opinion of every real patriotic citizen when I state that they owe you a debt of very great gratitude for the principles you have expressed in your paper, the *Saturday Review*.

The present leaders of this Government are, I consider, the most deplorable weak and spineless men that this country has ever had.

It is amazing that the so-called Conservative Members of Parliament have been hoodwinked and deluded by Stanley Baldwin, Ramsay MacDonald, and Anthony Eden, who are doing and have done the country a lot of harm with their insane policy of bolstering up the League of Nations and surrendering all the possessions our splendid men fought and died for.

I consider that Stanley Baldwin has absolutely let down the Conservative Party and the sooner he resigns the better for the country, as he will never get us anywhere.

I thoroughly agree with the sentiments expressed by "Historicus" in his open letter to a so-called Conservative. Personally I never lose an opportunity in trains, buses, clubs and speeches in expressing my utter contempt for Baldwin and his advocates.

I only hope and trust that in our next leader we have a strong Conservative who will really carry out Conservative principles and build up our defence forces as rapidly as possible. At the present time we are in a hopeless state of weakness.

SHIPLEY WARNER.

Glendower Hotel,
S. Kensington, S.W.7.

WHAT OUR READERS THINK

Give the King a Mandate

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

I thoroughly endorse the views of Mr. James in the issue of the 19th September, with regard to his desire to form an Absolute Monarchist Party to invest the power of the State in the person of the Sovereign.

In the following year such a sentiment will fall on fruitful soil, as the ceremony of the Coronation will raise respect for the principle of Monarchy to its very zenith in the hearts of the English masses.

A movement on these lines would have all the advantages of Hitlerism with none of its disadvantages, and during Coronation week would sweep the country from end to end to the total exclusion of out-of-date Parliamentaryism and the advocates thereof.

G. R. H. SUMMERSON.

Hall Garth, Coatham Mundeville,
Near Darlington.

Form Monarchist Centres

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

It is only two weeks since I made the acquaintance of the *Saturday Review*, and the two numbers I have seen are admirable to a degree in their fearless exposure of the many shams and dangers which encompass us.

It is indeed easy (and, unfortunately, apparently natural) for us Englishmen of to-day to accept as a matter of course such warnings as you put before us, and in our usual spirit of smug complacency express our gratitude for them—and then settle down comfortably to do nothing about it!

One or two of your correspondents have suggested the placing of our Empire under the direct and absolute governance of H.M. King Edward, in whose charge it would indeed be well placed. This, however, cannot be brought about by writing letters.

What we need is a strong Monarchist Party, acknowledging only our King as Head and absolute Governor of the State. Such a party would quickly kick our present enfeebled, emasculate gathering of nitwits who style themselves "H.M. Government" out of their comfortable quarters, and give us what we need—the wise and vigorous guidance of a man—the King.

This can only come to pass through activity. I would suggest the formation of a Monarchist nucleus in every city in England, from which could grow the splendid body of such a movement.

Sheffield.

A BRITON.

Baldwin and His Friends

SIR,—I think Mr. Baldwin and our two primates are the biggest frauds of modern times.

In other days when men were men, Baldwin would, long ago, have been taken to Tower Hill and given his wages.

As Parliament was about to take its summer holiday, Baldwin lent to Russia ten million pounds, knowing that such a thing is not popular, but very wicked, and whilst members were absent, he surreptitiously signed away Egypt through Eden.

This is not constitutional, but Dictatorship by stealth.

Now he funks at attending the annual Conservative Conference, slinking and hatching some further nefarious scheme.

What are the 60 to 70 real Conservatives in the House of Commons doing? Why do they not take action? If they do not it is either Fascism or Socialism next time.

All our established institutions such as the House of Lords, the House of Commons, the Church of England, the Universities and the B.B.C., which we are expected to look up to as beacons of light and learning, are rotten to the core.

A DISGUSTED CONSERVATIVE.

St. Annes-on-Sea.

The Duchess of Atholl and Communism

DEAR LADY HOUSTON,—

As an Englishman who lived for many years in Germany, and was an eye-witness of the progressive Bolshevisation of that country, may I be permitted to make some comments on The Duchess of Atholl's letter?

To begin with, no one with any knowledge of Communist propaganda technique would attempt to measure Communist power by the number of those who voted for Red candidates! The most powerful agents of Bolshevism are those who do not reveal the fact that they are Communists at all! In Germany, tens of thousands worked for Russian Communism, who were nominally Social Democrats or even Liberals or Nationalists. The method of permeation of other parties, from inside, is one of the most formidable weapons of Communism. Almost every important German newspaper was either directly or indirectly working for Communism in 1932.

If the Duchess knew anything of the actual workings of Moscow propaganda, she would realise that what appears upon the surface as straightforward Communism is only a small part compared with what is taking place below the surface. The cult in Germany of a decadent, neurotic and deliberately anti-patriotic literature was one of the most important methods by which the Communists sought to achieve their aims, although only a small proportion of these productions were written by persons actually belonging to the Communist Party.

In England, judged by their numbers, how unimportant are the Communists! Yet we know that their influence is extensive.

Letchworth.

"HEIDELBERG."

Bolshevism in Portland Place

SIR,—There must be many people like myself who, having heard the red flag ringing in their ears in foreign countries, have no wish for it to be broadcast to the world in an English Radio programme.

More especially must I condemn the underhand cunning by which the B.B.C. seeks to make this song recognised in England by linking it to our glorious National Anthem.

If they are determined that it should be played, let them adopt it openly as their "signature tune," as this, at least, would appear more in accordance with their all too obviously pro-bolshe policy.

R. W. L. MELLOR.

7, Cornwall Gardens, S.W.7.

POINTS FROM LETTERS

The whole Empire must be knit together as one nation, both for purposes of Commerce and Defence, and for these purposes an Imperial Parliament will no doubt be necessary.

W. R. THOMPSON, LT.-COL.

Woodstock, Weymouth.

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The bestiality of the Reds in Spain exceeds that even of the madmen of the French Revolution. This gives us a glimpse of what British Communists would do here.

Brixton, S.W.2.

D. J. PHELAN,

**

What this country is badly in need of is a Leader to lead us on to victory in the fight against the Red Murderers.

W. J. HOLMES.

82, Wordsworth Street, Liverpool.

**

While the fighting Services are under-manned there should not be one able-bodied man drawing the dole. When the wants of the Services are filled there should not be any distressed areas.

S. P. CHRISTIE.

Havington Road, S. Kensington.

Those Colleagues!

By Col. Sir Thomas Polson, K.B.E., C.M.G.

BOLDNESS, backed with truth and honesty, is the best physic for civil government," wrote an Englishman of the seventeenth century. How one despairs of driving home this truth into the Cabinet of to-day! Boldness this Government most certainly has not, and there is only too much reason to doubt its truth and honesty.

During its time of office its record consists mainly of having produced unemployment assistance regulations and dropped them at the insistence of Socialist clamour; of having produced a Coal Mines Bill and dropped it at the insistence of Anti-Socialist protest; of having sponsored the Hoare-Laval settlement of the Italo-Abyssinian question and trampled it underfoot at the hysterical command of the League of Nations Union, and finally of administering a few feeble taps at pacifist sentiment when it directly opposes their moderate programme of Defence.

What, then, are we to believe are the principles which actuate this Government? What are its desires and intentions, if any, beyond the only too obvious attempt to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds? Do the speeches of its mouth-piece, the Prime Minister, enlighten us one whit?

At Cardiff, on July 18th, the ineffable Mr. Baldwin began, "It is seven years since I spoke at Cardiff, at the General Election of 1929, and a great deal has happened since then. If my memory serves me, the great cry of our opponents then was, 'We have a cure for unemployment,' and they had a chance in 1929 and 1931 of showing us what their cure was. And we discovered that it did not exist."

The Hotch-Potch

But Mr. Baldwin did not proceed to explain how it came about that he consented—indeed, eagerly consented—to embrace as his dear colleagues those opponents who had persistently misled the country and proffered a cure which did not exist. Nor did he explain how any strong and consistent policy could proceed from a hotch-potch of Conservatives and Socialists.

On the peculiarities of the Prime Minister's political friendships the July *English Review* commented with ample justification, in connection with the Budget Scandal: "In other times and places an antique spirit of intolerance would have harmed not merely the adventurers (Thomas, Butt and Bates). The public weal would have been valued above the bond of familiarity and kindness which links the Prime Minister and 'My dear Jim.' It would have laid on the Prime Minister the grave burden of responsibility for his own choice and recommendation. It might even have censored the Old Harrovian for his tu-toi to the uncouth colleague. Some old sense of right and wrong would

have caused his own resignation to be expected if not forced by those who linked power with responsibility and who could understand him saying, 'My dear Neville,' but not 'My dear Jim.'"

Briefly, men of opposing principle cannot work together, and men of no principle or of deviating principle are unfit for government. It is lack of principle that makes the National Government the dingy—if not worse—mess it is. And not until clear-cut, immovable Conservatism vigorously fights an honest Socialism, shorn of its toppers and titles, will the political health of England be restored.

It is only necessary to quote another sentence from the speech at Cardiff to see to what depth of plain idiocy politicians without clear principle can descend.

"The fact remains that when you look back five years ago and remember what the situation was then, you find to-day that, taking the United Kingdom as a whole—and certainly as compared with any other country you like in the world, even Russia and even the United States of America—life is better for all sections of the community here."

Comparisons are Odious

Are we to accept the evidence of our eyes? Have the reporter's ears betrayed him? Or has a Conservative Prime Minister of England in all seriousness compared life in England with life in that conglomeration of godless Soviet Republics in which murder and torture have ended the lives, admittedly, of millions and famine brought to a hideous death yet millions more? Is the man mad who makes the comparison, or are we mad who permit him to occupy the position? There is not even lacking the final touch of a laudatory prefix. "Even Russia," he says, as if Russia were the guiding light and holy star of civilisation.

Such are the results of his collaboration with his "dear colleagues."

And still the newspapers will point with pride to the "friendliness" of the politicians of all parties in England. Not so did Burke, the father of modern Conservatism, behave. He held, as men of honesty and judgment must, that the principles which govern one's service and devotion to one's country are of paramount importance and that personal relationship, when differences of principle arise, must be sacrificed to them. As birds of a feather flock together, so politicians of strong views have close personal relationships only with their own kind.

Well might Disraeli say, "England does not love coalitions," for a coalition displays the faults of all rather than the strength of any, and indeed only arises when no strong leader is at hand to ride the storm.

RACING

The Best Three-Year-Old

By David Learmonth

THE feature of last week's racing was Precipitation's great win in the Jockey Club Stakes. I had thought that Lady Zia Wernher's horse would win the St. Leger; but he unfortunately went wrong and could not run. It looks now as if he would certainly have done so if he had gone to the post fit and well; for he beat the winner of that race in effortless style by a couple of lengths. It was true that Boswell was giving him three pounds; but this was not enough to affect the issue.

However, it is easy to make statements such as this, because no one can tell whether they are correct or not. After he had beaten Mahmoud at Ascot and then gone on to win the Eclipse Stakes the majority of people voted Lord Astor's Rhodes Scholar a good thing for the St. Leger. Events proved that he was nothing of the sort, and, although there were excuses for him, I cannot believe that after such a shocking display he would have won, however fit he had been. Nor can I believe that Lawson would have sent him to the meeting if he had not thought him fit enough to have a good chance.

Nevertheless, on present form Boswell must be regarded as our best three-year-old over a distance of ground. I understand that he will be specially trained for the Ascot Gold Cup next season, and it will be interesting to see how he shapes over the two miles and a half. I see no reason why he should not win.

Successful Stallion

Precipitation's career as a stallion when he eventually goes to the stud will be watched with interest, because he is likely to be the last really good horse sired by Hurry On.

Hurry On, who won a war St. Leger, was a great race-horse. Darling has always considered him by far the best he has ever trained and says openly that he never discovered exactly how good he was, he was so far ahead of anything else. Hurry On's career as a stallion has also been extremely successful. He has sired, among other great horses, Coronach and Captain Cuttle. But his sons have not made the impression upon English breeding which they were expected to do.

Captain Cuttle was sold to go abroad, so that it may be a little unfair to judge him. Coronach, however, has been standing in this country for several seasons and has not, until this year, fulfilled expectations. It is only fair to say, however, that this season he seems to be coming into his own. Buyers are already taking more interest in his produce than they have done of recent years and there is a general hope that next season will further enhance his reputation. One of his older sons, the six-year-old Montrose, has been carrying all before him this season and must be

regarded as a real smasher. His win at Kempton was a great performance.

Another reason why Precipitation's career at the stud will be watched with interest is because there is a school of thought to-day which considers that to run a horse in the Ascot Gold Cup prejudices his chance of success as a stallion. There was a good deal of controversy about this point when Mr. Martin Benson decided not to run Windsor Lad in the Gold Cup, though Windsor Lad, being out of a Friar Marcus mare, might not have got the distance in any case.

Although those who think that a future stallion may be damaged by so gruelling a test consider that the race itself is harmful, it is the preparation for it to which they particularly object. They say that to win a Gold Cup in these days a horse must be put through such a severe course of training that, with the race on top of this, he never recovers all his vitality.

I merely quote this opinion as a matter of interest. The fact remains, however, that the tendency to-day is to go even further and take a real smasher out of training at the end of his career as a three-year-old. It will be remembered that the Aga Khan did so in the case of Bahram, and he will probably do the same with Mahmoud.

St. Simon

When our fathers were young men, however, this used not to be the custom, nor did horses seem to suffer as stallions by being run over long distances as four-year-olds. St. Simon, for example, won the Ascot Gold Cup and went on from success to success at the stud. It would be idle, however, to pretend that he had a hard race at Ascot, as he simply pulverised the opposition and won as he liked; but presumably he had at least as severe a preparation as the average Cup horse of to-day.

My own opinion is that we are inclined to keep our best horses too much in cotton wool nowadays. After all, if there is to be any justification whatever for the statement that the object of racing is to improve the breed of horses generally, then surely we ought to breed them robust. We can only do this by breeding from robust stock.

There is, of course, an obvious difficulty here; because if the most robust animals do not produce winners in their turn people cannot be expected to go to the expense of breeding from them and keeping and running their produce.

I feel sure that in twenty years' time we shall have more highly strung horses than we have now. I do not see how this can be helped. When a breed of any animal becomes so highly specialised this always occurs. Many people, chiefly faddists, have suggested remedies; but none of them has ever satisfied experienced, practical breeders.

NEW BOOKS I CAN RECOMMEND

Novels to Read

By the Literary Critic

WITH the Autumn publishing season in full swing it is more than a little difficult to keep track of all the best of the vast number of novels that are appearing each week.

But there are certain books that inevitably impress themselves firmly on their readers' minds.

One of these will undoubtedly be Mr. Warwick Deeping's "No Hero—This" (Cassell) which should, one ventures to think, outrival even his "Sorrell And Son" in popularity.

It is the story of a young medical officer's war experiences, first in Gallipoli and then in France. And never has Mr. Deeping been so sure in delineating character that excites sympathetic interest and admiration as he is in this book.

A Fine Crime Story

Appropriately, over the week-end selected for the turning of Summer Time into Winter Time was published an exciting crime story, the plot of which hangs on the extra hour involved in the setting back of clocks.

This is "The Uncounted Hour," by Mr. Warner Allen, who was joint author with Mr. E. C. Bentley in the writing of "Trent's Own Case," the most successful hitherto of the present season's crime novels. The publishers of both books are Messrs. Constable.

Readers of this second book will realise the special gifts which Mr. Warner Allen must have brought to his collaboration with Mr. Bentley. "The Uncounted Hour" reveals a mastery of touch in putting just the right stress on the essential elements in a crime mystery drama. Irrelevancies are studiously eschewed, but character where it helps to heighten the interest of the story is meticulously, one might almost say, in some instances, lovingly portrayed.

The result is that the tale proceeds evenly and naturally, and one does not "count" the hours in reading it. One's only quarrel with Mr. Warner Allen, in fact, is that he has seen fit to kill off his journalist hero "Puck," a delightful amateur sleuth who surely deserved to have been preserved for the future enjoyment of Mr. Allen's readers.

Perhaps the precedent of "Trent's Own Case" coming long after "Trent's Last Case" may suggest to "Puck's" creator a way of escape from this regrettably premature demise.

Ireland's Chatterton

Thomas Dermody was an eighteenth century Irish poet, whose early precocity caused him to be called the Chatterton of Ireland. If he lisped in numbers and classical allusions, he also unhappily

acquired in his teens a decided taste for drink, and this ultimately was his undoing.

The colourful if pathetic life of this "Passion's slave and Indiscretion's child" has afforded Mr. Thomas Burke the material for a fine and moving novel entitled "Vagabond Minstrel" (Longmans).

The effect of sordid environment and family associations on a ballet dancer's destiny is the theme of Mr. E. H. W. Meyerstein's "Seraphine" (Richards Press), which is the supplement to his "Terence Duke," and in similar autobiographical fashion is told in the first person.

Once more we have set out for us, with deep understanding of character and a genuine poetic imagination, another spiritual pilgrimage, though in this case it is left unfinished—to be completed, presumably, in another book?

I cannot recall having read any previous book by Mr. Dennis Parry, but his "Attic Meteor" (Robert Hale and Company) displays no immaturity of style or characterisation to suggest that it is a first novel.

It gives us a vivid and realistic story of a Greek revolution that very nearly succeeded. All the characters are very much alive, especially the ex-American gunman who is the hero's evil genius.

A remarkably able and original first novel is "The Flying Shadow" by John Llewelyn Rhys (Faber and Faber). Here we have the atmosphere of a modern Flying Club with all the technicalities and the joys of flying explained to us through the experiences and conversation of the instructor-hero with his various pupils. There is little plot, but a quality about the writing that adds peculiar charm to the tale.

Three Humorous Tales

The new Wodehouse "Laughing Gas" (Herbert Jenkins), takes us into the Fourth Dimension for an "identity-switch" between Hollywood's famous child star, Joey Cooley, and an English Earl.

The resulting adventures are as entertaining as only Wodehouse's own magical laughing gas can be depended upon making them.

Those who encountered the terrific gossip Mrs. Murphy and her faculty for discovering "umbrages" in Miss Agnes Romilly White's highly successful "Gape Row," will be delighted to renew acquaintance with her in the same author's equally humorous "Mrs. Murphy Buries The Hatchet" (Selwyn and Blount).

Where Miss Bunce is, there, too, one looks forward to much amusement and entertainment, and in "Miss Bunce Married" (Herbert Jenkins) Miss D. E. Stevenson does not disappoint us.

Truffles in Sussex!

By Frank Illingworth

A CERTAIN William Leach came from the West Indies to England more than a century ago. So great was his love for the truffle that he brought with him a number of pigs especially trained in the art of truffle hunting, with the avowed intention of making his home in that part of England in which truffles were most abundant! This worthy gentleman started on his quest at Land's End and, after four years of searching, he reached the parish of Patching in Sussex, where he and his pigs settled down to the pastime of truffle hunting!

Reading this, I set out to find some truffles for myself!

After motoring over 300 miles, walking through acres of beech and oak woods, I came across a small mound of earth. With the removal of about four inches of rotting leaves and earth I came across five truffles.

They are most disappointing things to look upon—round, about the size of a two shilling piece, soft, with black warts and emitting a peculiarly pungent and not very attractive smell (except to a pig).

It is by this smell that the pigs can detect them—sometimes from a distance of 100 feet, and so keen is their desire to root up the tuber that they will run grunting towards them—and not so long ago dogs were trained to sniff the truffles out for their masters. In all seriousness I can say that men have been known to sniff them out!

Joe's Secret

In one old pub near Tunbridge Wells I was told "that old Joe Brown the woodman can show you where they grow." However, old Joe did not prove too helpful, and I learnt later that he sold them for £3 to £4 a "lot," according to the size of the "lot," and he had no intention of entrusting his knowledge to me.

Autumn is the time for truffles. They grow in groups at a depth of one to six inches (sometimes more) and are found mostly in beech and oakwoods.

There seems some confusion in the minds of Sussex countrymen as to the difference between truffles and pig-nuts. The latter can be detected by their greenery above ground, whilst the truffle grows entirely underground.

Treyford is the district in which they are most plentiful, but even here I could not find anyone who had ever eaten any but those imported from France in bottles at phenomenal price.

"You mean pig-nuts," one 80 year old villager told me. "You can find 'em 'ere. But truffles (pronounced truefulls)? Yes, sir, I don't mind if I do—another pint, sir! Thank you! You don't mean pig-nuts or morrels do ye, sir?"

No I didn't. Then perhaps he'd heard of them . . . or on the other hand his dad had said . . . and so it went on until I came across old Ben Cat, another woodman who, more trusting than the first I questioned, led me to a wood in which as a child he used to hunt truffles for the Squire.

Road Engineers' Problems

BY SEFTON CUMMINGS

IT has become quite the fashion in these days to abuse highway authorities and to complain that our roads are inadequate, dangerous and a disgrace to a civilised country; while it is a common practice to attribute the disquietingly large number of accidents to faulty road construction.

Although a few years ago many roads were so slippery as to be veritable death traps, such a vast improvement has been made since that it is very seldom that one encounters such a thing to-day. In fact, although I have sometimes criticised the erection of warning signs when I have considered that they could have been put in more useful places and though there is often congestion, as there is bound to be, I think our road engineers are greatly to be congratulated.

It must be remembered that our roads are subjected to a more rigorous and continual traffic flow than those of any country. Moreover, it is increasing in volume at a positively alarming rate. During the four years from 1931-1935, for instance, the traffic tonnage on Class 1 roads increased by no less than 34.5 per cent., or over a third.

Density

When one realises that the density figure is approximately sixty vehicles to each mile of classified road, the chances of surfaces breaking under the strain are enormous, particularly on Class I roads, as the density figure is, of course, much higher for these than the average.

For this reason, although, like all other public servants, road engineers are limited as to expenditure, it has been found a false economy to use any but the best materials. What these materials are, however, can only be determined by experiment. The durability of various types of road materials is now being made the subject of close experiment and a careful analysis of the wearing qualities and therefore of the probable cost of upkeep of a particular road surfacing material is made over a period of years.

However good the materials are, however, it has been found that the way in which they are put down makes all the difference to the lasting quality of the road. Gone are the old days when a gang of men shovelled gravel or flints on to the highway, raked them over, and left it for the traffic itself to roll them in. With the disappearance of the waterbound road and the introduction of tar-macadam over a concrete foundation the road-maker became a highly skilled man.

A good one is worth every penny of the wages he earns, because he saves money in the long run. In fact, it can be said that the advent of the motor car has produced a new class of artisan.

The London County Council at least seem to have awakened to this fact and to the necessity of giving the men plenty of practice; for they appear to have grubbed up every street in London they possibly could recently.

The "SATURDAY REVIEW" REGISTER OF SELECTED HOTELS LICENSED

ABERFELDY, Perthshire. — Station Hotel. Rec., 2. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowling.

ALEXANDRIA, Dumfriesshire. — Albert Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Fishing, Loch Lomond.

AVIEMORE, Inverness-shire. — Aviemore Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns. to 10 gns. Golf. Private. Fishing, shooting, riding, tennis.

AYLESBURY. — Bull's Head Hotel, Market Square. Bed., 24; Rec., 4. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., £2/7/6. Garden, golf, tennis, bowls, fishing.

BAMBURGH, NORTHUMBERLAND. — Victoria Hotel. Rec., 3; Pens., 6 gns. Tennis, golf, shooting, fishing.

BELFAST. — Kensington Hotel. Bed., 76; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2/6. Golf, 10 mins., 2/6.

BLACKPOOL. — Grand Hotel. H. & C. Fully licensed. Billiards. Very mod.

BOURNE END, Bucks. — The Spade Oak Hotel. Bed., 30; Rec., 4 and bar. Pens., 5 to 7 gns. Tennis, golf, bathing.

BOWNESS-ON-WINDERMERE. — Riggs Crown Hotel. Pens., 5 gns to 7 gns. Golf, 14 miles. Yachting, fishing.

BRACKNELL, Berkshire. — Station Hotel. Bed., 7; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3/1 to 4 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 2 gns. Golf, riding.

BRIGHTON, Sussex. — Sixty-six Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 5; Pens., from 4/1 gns. W.E., from 3/2/6. Golf, 9 courses in vicinity. Tennis, bathing, boating, polo, hunting.

BROADSTAIRS, Kent. — Grand Hotel. Pens., from 5 gns. W.E. from £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Din., 6/6. Golf, tennis, bathing, dancing.

BURFORD, OXON. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 gns. to 5 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Golf, trout fishing, riding, hunting.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, Suffolk. — Angel Hotel. Bed., 35; Rec., 2. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., 2 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/6. Golf, fishing, racing.

CALLENDER, Perthshire. — Trossachs Hotel, Trossachs. Bed., 60. Pens., from 5 gns. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

CAMBRIDGE. — Garden House Hotel, nr. Pembroke College. Pens., 3/1 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 17/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles; boating, tennis.

CARDIFF. — Park Hotel, Park Place. Bed., 115; Rec., 4. Pens., 7 gns. W.E. (Sat. Lun. to Mon. Breakfast), 5/6. Golf.

CLOVELLY. — New Inn, High Street. — Bed., 30; Rec., 1. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. Golf, fishing, sea bathing.

CLYNDERWEN. — Castle Hotel, Maer-clochey. Pens., £2 10/- . Lun., 1/6; Din., 2/6. Golf, 12 miles away.

COMRIE, Perthshire. — Ancaster Arms Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 3. Pens., £3 10/- . W.E., 12/- per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, bowls.

CONISTON, ENGLISH LAKES. — The Waterhead Hotel. Pens., from £5 10/- . Golf, boating, putting green, tennis.

DOWDERRY, CORNWALL. — Sea View. Bed., 9; Annex, 5. Pens., from 3/1 gns. W.E., from 35/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

DULVERTON, Som. (border of Devon). — Lion Hotel. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, 3 miles. Fishing, riding, hunting, tennis.

DUNDEE. — The Royal British Hotel is the best. H. & C. in all bedrooms. Restaurant, managed by Prop. Phone: 5059.

ELY, Cambs. — The Lamb Hotel. Bed., 20; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns. W.E., £2 15/- . Lun., 3/6; Din., 5/- . Boating.

FALMOUTH, Cornwall. — The Manor House Hotel, Budock Vean. Bed., 46; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 gns. to 5 gns. Golf, boating, fishing, tennis.

GLASGOW, W.2. — Belhaven Hotel, 22 to 26, Belhaven Terrace. Bed., 66; Rec., 6. Pens., from £3 5/-; Lun., 3/-; Din., 5/- . Tennis, golf.

GLASGOW, C.2. — Grand Hotel, 560, Sauchiehall St., Charing Cross. Bed., 110. Pens., 6 gns.; W.E., 18/6 per day. Tennis courts adjacent. Golf, 1/- per round.

GREAT MALVERN, Worcestershire. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; W.E., 15/- to 17/6 day. Golf, putting green.

GULLANE, East Lothian. — Bisset's Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 to 5 gns. W.E., 14/- to 16/- per day. Tennis courts. Golf, swimming, riding, bowling.

HAMILTON, Lanarkshire, Scotland. — Royal Foley Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., 25/- . Golf, tennis, bowls. Tel. 164. Geo. Dodd, proprietor.

HASLEMERE, Surrey. — Georgian Hotel. Bed., 26; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., 35/- to 47/6. Tennis, golf.

HERNE BAY. — Miramar Hotel, Beltinge. Bed., 27; Rec., 2. Pens., from 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Golf, bowls, tennis, bathing.

ILFRACOMBE, Devon. — Mount Hotel. Pens., from 3 gns. to 5 gns.; overlooking sea. All bedrooms with H. & C. Many wash private bathrooms. Tennis.

ROYAL CLARENCE Hotel, High Street. Bed., 60; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. W.E., 13/6 per day. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating, bathing.

INVERARY. — Argyll Arms Hotel. Bed., 28. Pens., 6 gns. W.E., 15/- per day. Lun., 3/6; Din., 6/- . Golf, fishing, tennis.

KESWICK, English Lakes. — The Keswick Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 5. Pens., 5 gns.; 5 gns. season. W.E., fr. 15/- per day. Golf, tennis, boating, bowls, fishing.

KIBWORTH. — The Rose and Crown, Kibworth, near Leicester. A.A., K.A.C., and B.F.S.S. appointed.

LOCH AWE, Argyll. — Loch Awe Hotel. Phone: Dalmailly 6. Bed., 70; Rec., 4. Pens., 5 to 8 gns. acc. to season. Tennis, golf, fishing, boating.

LONDON. — Barkston House Hotel, 1, Barkston Gardens, S.W.5. Tel.: Fro. 2-09. Pens., 2/1 to 3 gns.

GORE HOTEL, 189, Queen's Gate, S.W.7. Bed., 36; Rec., 2 and cocktail bar. Pens., from 3/1 gns. Tennis.

GUILDFORD HOUSE HOTEL, 56/7, Guildford Street, W.C.1. Tel.: Ter. 5530. Rec., 1. Pens., £2 10/- . Bridge.

HOTEL STRATHCONA, 25 and 26, Lancaster Gate, W.2. Bed., 30; Rec., 5. Pens., 3/1 to 4/1 gns. Table tennis.

SHAFTESBURY Hotel, Gt. St. Andrew Street, W.C.2. 2 mins. Leicester Sq. 1 tube. 250 bedrooms, h. & c. water. Room, bath, breakfast, 7/6; double, 13/6.

THE PLAZA Hotel, St. Martin's Street, Leicester Square, W.C.2. Bed., 100. Pens., from 4/1 gns. W.E., £1/16/6. Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/6.

LOSSIEMOUTH, Morayshire. — Stotfield Hotel. Bed., 70; Rec., 3. Pens., 4 gns. to 25/10/6. W.E., 36/- to 45/- . Golf, fishing, bowling, tennis.

LYNMOUTH, N. Devon. — Bevan's Lyn Hotel. Bed., 48. Pens., from 4 to 6 gns. W.E., 26/- . Lun., 3/6 and 4/-; Din., 5/6. Golf, hunting, fishing, tennis, dancing.

MORTEHOE, N. Devon. — Chichester Arms Hotel. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., £2 10/- . W.E., £1 7/- . Golf, bathing.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE. — Central Exchange Hotel, Grey Street. Bed., 70; Rec., 9. Pens., £4. W.E., 36/- . Golf, fishing, bathing.

OTTERBURN HALL HOTEL. — Bed., 44; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.E., from 45/- . 5 hard courts. Golf on estate, fishing.

NEWTON STEWART, Wigtownshire. — Galloway Arms Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/- to £4. Golf, fishing, bathing, bowling, tennis.

NITON, Nr. Ventnor, I.O.W. — Niton Undercliff Hotel. Bed., 17; Rec., 4; Pens., from 5 gns. W.E., from £2 5/- . Golf, bathing, fishing, tennis.

OCKHAM, Surrey. — The Hautboy Hotel. Pens., 5 gns.; W.E., £1 per day. Lun., 4/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- . Golf.

PADSTOW, Cornwall. — Commercial Hotel. Good fishing, good golf, rocks. Tel.: "Cookson," Padstow.

PAIGNTON, DEVON. — Radcliffe Hotel, Marine Drive. Bed., 70; Rec., 3; Pens., from 4 gns., from 5 to 7 gns. during season. W.E., 15/- to 18/- per day. Golf, tennis.

PERTH, Scotland. — Station Hotel. Bed., 100; Rec., 4; Pens., from 4 gns.; W.E., from 24/-; Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 6/- . Garden.

PETERBOROUGH. — Saracen's Head Hotel. Bed., 12; Rec., 2. Pens., 3/1 gns. W.E., 30/-; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Tennis, fishing, boating, horse-riding.

PLYMOUTH, Devon. — Central Hotel. Bed., 40; Rec., 3; Pens., 4 to 5 gns. Golf, tennis, bowls, sea and river fishing.

PORTPATRICK, WIGTOWNSHIRE. — Portpatrick Hotel. Bed., 65. Pens., from £5 weekly. Golf, boating, bathing, tennis.

RICHMOND, Surrey. — Star & Garter Hotel. — England's historic, exquisite, romantic, social centre and rendezvous.

RIPON, Yorks. — Unicorn Hotel, Market Place. Bed., 22. Pens., £4 7/6. W.E., 30/- . Golf, fishing, bowls, tennis, dancing.

ROSS-ON-WYE. — Chase Hotel. Bed., 28; Rec., 5; Pens., 3/1 gns.; W.E., 37/6; Lunch, 2/6; Dinner, 4/- . Golf, fishing, tennis, bowls.

SALISBURY, Wilts. — Cathedral Hotel. Up-to-date. H. & C. and radiators in bedrooms. Electric lift. Phone: 339.

SALOP. — Talbot Hotel, Clebury Mortimer. Bed., 7; Rec., 1. Pens., 84/- . Lun., 3/- and 3/6. Golf, Forderminster.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks. — Castle Hotel, Queen Street. Bed., 38; Pens., £3 12/6. W.E., 21/- . Golf, cricket, bowls, bathing.

THE RAVEN HALL Hotel, Ravenscar. Bed., 56; Rec., 5; Din., 6/- . Golf, bowls, swimming, billiards, tennis, dancing.

SIDMOUTH. — Belmont Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 55; Rec., 3. Pens., 6/1 to 8 gns. W.E., inclusive 3 days. Bathing, tennis, golf.

SOUTH UIST, Outer Hebrides. — Lochboisdale Hotel. Bed., 32; Rec., 7. Pens., 4 gns. Golf, 5 miles, free to hotel guests; fishing, shooting, bathing, sailing.

STOKE-ON-TRENT. — Victoria Hotel, Victoria Square, Hanley. Bed., 16; Rec., 1. Pens., £3 6/- . Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/6; Sup. acc. to requirements. Dn., golf, tennis.

STOCKBRIDGE, Hants. — Grosvenor Hotel. Phone: Stockbridge 9. Bed., 14; Rec., 1. Bed and breakfast, 8/6; double, 14/- . Golf, trout fishing.

STRANRAER Wigtownshire. — Buck's Head Hotel, Hanover Street. Bed., 13; Pens., £3 10/-; W.E., 12/6 per day. Golf, tennis, fishing, swimming.

TEIGNMOUTH, Devon. — Beach Hotel, H.R.A. Promenade. Excellent position. Moderate inclusive terms. Write for tariff.

TEWKESBURY, Glos. — Royal Hop Pole Hotel. Bed., 45; Rec., 2. Pens., from 5 to 6/1 gns. Winter, 3 gns. Golf, fishing, boating, bowls, cricket, hockey.

TORQUAY. — The Grand Hotel. Bed., 200; Rec., 3. Tennis courts; golf, Stover G.C. (free). Hunting, squash court, miniature putting course.

PALM COURT Hotel, Sea Front. Bed., 65; Rec., 6. Pens., from 5 to 7 gns.; winter, 4 gns. W.E., fr. 45/- . Tennis, golf, bowls, yachting, fishing.

VIRGINIA Water, Surrey. — Glenridge Hotel. Bed., 18; Rec., 3 and Bar. Pens., £4 15/6. W.E., £1/17/6. Golf, Wentworth and Sunningdale, 5/- .

WALTON-ON-NAZE. — Hotel Porto Bello, Walton-on-Naze. English catering, comfort and attention.

WARWICK. — Lord Leicester Hotel. Bed., 55; Rec., 5. Pens., from 4/1 gns. W.E., Sat. to Mon., 33/- . Golf, Leamington, 14 miles. Tennis.

WINDERMERE. — Riggs's Windermere Hotel. Bed., 60. Pens., 5 to 6 gns. W.E., £2/8/6. Golf, 3/6 daily.

YARMOUTH. — Royal Hotel, Marine Parade. Bed., 65. Pens., from £3 12/6. W.E., 35/- . Lun., from 3/6; Din., from 4/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, dancing.

HOTELS—Continued UNLICENSED

BLACKPOOL.—Empire Private Hotel. Facing Sea. Best part promenade. H. & C. all bedrooms. Lift to all floors.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Hotel Woodville, 14, Christchurch Road. 1st Class. Chef. Tennis, beach bungalow, garage, 45 cars.

BRIGG. Lincolnshire. — Lord Nelson Hotel. Pens., £3 10/-. Golf, 2 miles away. 2/6 per day, 7/6 per week; fishing.

BRIGHTON.—Glencoe Private Hotel, 112, Marine Parade. Facing sea. Telephone 434711.

BRIGHTON (HOVE)—NEW IMPERIAL HOTEL. First Avenue. Overlooking sea and lawns. Comfortable residential hotel. LIFT. Central Heating, etc. Vita Sun Lounge. From 4 guineas. Special residential terms.

BRISTOL.—Cambridge House Hotel, Royal York Crescent, Clifton. Every comfort. Apply prop., L. V. Palmer.

BUDE. N. Cornwall. — The Balconies Private Hotel. Downs view. — Pens., 4 gns. each per week, full board. Golf, boating, fishing, bathing, tennis.

BURNTISLAND. Fifeshire.—Kingswood Hotel. Bed., 10; Rec., 2. Pens., from £3 10/-. W.E., 30/-. Golf, bathing, bowls.

CHELMSFORD, ESSEX.—Ye Olde Rodney, Little Baddow; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., from 27/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, fishing, yachting, tennis.

CHELTONHAM SPA.—Visit the Bays-hill Hotel, St. George's Road. Central for Cotswold Tours and all amenities. Moderate. Pinkerton. Tel.: 2578.

PYATTS Hotel, Ltd. Pens., £3 13/6; W.E., £1 15/-. Lun., 8/-. Din., 5/-. Golf, polo.

DAWLISH, S. Devon.—Sea View Hotel. ex. Cuisine, every comfort. Write for Tariff. D. Bendall, prop.

EASTBOURNE.—Devonshire Court Hotel, Wilmington Square. Bed., 15. Pens., from 3 gns.; W.E. from 10/6 per day. Golf, tennis. Winter garden.

EDINBURGH.—St. Mary's Hotel, 32, Palmerston Place.—Pens., from 4 gns. Golf, 2/6. Fishing and Tennis in neighbourhood.

FALMOUTH, S. Cornwall.—Boscawen Private Hotel. Centre sea front, facing Falmouth Bay. Illustrated handbook gratis from Res. Propria. Phone: 141.

MADEIRA PRIVATE Hotel. Cliff Road. Bed., 58; Rec., 5. Pens., from 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., Sat. to Mon., 25/-. Tennis, golf.

FELIXSTOWE, SUFFOLK.—Bracandale Private Hotel. Sea Front. Bed., 40; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 5 gns.; W.E., 21/- to 30/-. Golf, tennis, bowls, putting.

FERNDOWN, Dorset.—The Links, Wimborne Road. Bed., 11; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. to 4 gns.; W.E., 10/6 to 12/6 daily. Golf, 4/- per day (5/- Aug.-Sept.).

FOLKESTONE.—Devonshire House Hotel. Est. 34 years. Elec. light. Central Heating. No extras. Tel.: 3341.

FOLKESTONE.—The ORANGE HOUSE Private Hotel, 8, Castle Hill Avenue; 3 mins. to Sea and Lens Cliff. Excellent table. "Not large but everything of the best"—34 gns. Winter 2 gns.—Prop., Miss Sykes of the Olio Cookery Book.

GOATHLAND, Yorkshire.—Whitfield Private Hotel. Bed., 15. Pens., 3 to 4 gns. Lunch 2/6 and 3/6; Dinner, 4/-. Golf 1 mile. Hunting, fishing.

HASLEMERE, Surrey.—Whitwell Hatch —a Country House Hotel. H. & C. Gas fires in bedrooms. Phone: 596.

HASTINGS.—Albany Hotel. Best position on the front. 120 rooms. Telephone: 761, 762.

ILFRACOMBE.—The Osborne Private Hotel, Wilder Road. Bed., 20; Pens., 2½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/- per day. Golf, bowls.

ILFRACOMBE.—Candar Hotel. Sea front. 80 bedrooms. Every modern comfort. Very moderate terms. Write for brochure.

DILKUSA.—Grand Hotel. Sea front. Cent. 110 Bed., all with H. & C. Five large lounges. Dancing. Billiards.

IMPERIAL Hotel. Promenade, facing sea. Well known. Lift. Ballroom. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns. Write for Tariff.

INVERNESS—ARDLARICH PRIVATE HOTEL, CULDUTHEL ROAD. Tel.: 693. Every comfort. Under personal supervision of the proprietress, Mrs. J. Macdonald.

LEAMINGTON SPA.—Alkerton Private Hotel, Binwood Avenue. Bed., 18; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Garden. Golf, half mile away. Tennis bowls, croquet.

SPA Hotel. Bed., 33; Rec., 6. Pens., 3½ to 4½ gns. W.E., 12/6 to 13/6 per day. Golf, tennis, billiards.

LEICESTER.—Grantham, 57 & 60, Highfield Street. Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 26/6. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf, tennis.

LINCOLN.—Grand Hotel, St. Mary St. Bed., 33; Rec., 5. Pens., £3 10/-. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/-. Golf.

LANGOLEN—Grapes Hotel. Stay here for Comfort. Fishing, golf. H. & C.

LOCH-SHIEL, ARGYLL.—Ardhealach Hotel, Archaracle. Bed., 8; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., £1 10/-; Lun., 3/6; Din., 4/-. G. Golf, fishing, bathing.

LONDON.—Alexandra Hotel (a quiet hotel), 21, 22 and 23, Bedford Place, London, W.C.1. Bed., 45; Rec., 3. Pens., 3 to 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

ARLINGTON HOUSE Hotel. 1-3, Lexham Gardens, Cromwell Road, W.8. Rec., 4; Bed., 35. Pens., from 2½ to 5 gns.

ARTILLERY MANSIONS Hotel. Westminster, S.W.1. Phone: Vic. 0867 & 2003. Bed., 200; Rec., 2. S., 15/-. D., 27/-. Pens., 5 gns. to 8 gns.

BONNINGTON HOTEL. Southampton Row, W.C.1, near British Museum. 260 Rooms. Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte Breakfast, 8/6.

CORA HOTEL. Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Near Euston and King's Cross Stations. Acrom. 230 Guests; Room, Bath and Table d'Hôte breakfast, 8/6.

KENSINGTON PALACE MANSIONS Hotel. De Vere Gardens, W.8. Bed., 270; Rec., 3. Pens., from 5 gns.; W.F., 21/- per day. Social Club. Squash rackets.

LADBROKE Hotel. Ladbroke Gardens, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Bed., 60; Rec., 8. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden. Tennis.

LIDLINGTON Hotel. 7, Lidlinton Place, N.W.1. T. Mus. 8126. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/-; Tea, 1/-; Dinner, 2/6. Garden.

MANOR HOTEL. 32, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.2. Bed., 75; Rec., 7. Pens., from 3½ gns. single; from 5 gns. double. Garden. Billiards.

NORFOLK RESIDENTIAL Hotel. 80/2, Kensington Gardens, Square, W.2. Bays. 2301-2. J. Ralph, Prop.

OLD CEDARS Hotel. Sydenham, S.E.26; Bed., 30; Rec., 2; Pens., from 3 gns. W.F., from 30/-. G. Golf, within 10 mins. Billiards. Ballroom. Tennis Courts.

PALACE GATE HOTEL. Palace Gate Kensington, W.8. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns.; W.E., 30/-.

RAYMOND'S PRIVATE Hotel. 4, Penbridge Villas, Baywater, W.11. Bed., 20; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2 gns. to £2 12/6.

STANLEY HOUSE Hotel. Stanley Crescent, Kensington Park Road, W.11. Phone: Park 1168. Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., from 2½ gns.; 4 gns. double. Tennis.

SOMERS PAYING GUEST HOUSE. 55, Belsize Park Gardens, N.W.3. Tel. Prim. 0242. Bed., 10; Rec., 1. Pens., from 3 gns. Tennis.

STRATHALLAN Hotel. 38, Bolton Gardens, S.W.5. Bed., 30. Pens., from 2½ gns. single; 5 gns. double. Billiards.

WEST CENTRAL HOTEL. Southampton Row, W.C.1. Tel. Mus. 1400. Bed., 155; Rec., 5. Pens., 4 gns.; Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6.

WOODHALL Hotel. College Road, Dulwich, S.E.21. Bed., 14; Rec., 2. Pens., 3 gns. Lun., 2/6; Din., 3/6. Golf, 2/6 per round. Garden, tennis, bridge, croquet.

LYNTON, No. Devon.—Waterloo House, Private Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3; Pens., 2 gns. to £2 10/-. Golf, 2 miles. Putting green, bowls, tennis. Centrally situated.

MORTENHOE, N. Devon.—Hillside Private Cottage Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 2. Pens., 2 to 3 gns.; W.E., 25/-. Lun., 3/6; Tea, 1/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, riding, tennis, drag hounds.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Regent Hotel, 53-59, Osborne Road, T., Jesmond 906. Bed., 38; Rec., 3. Single from 7/6. Garden.

THE OSBORNE Hotel. Jesmond Road, Bed., 30; Rec., 3. Pens., £2 12/6; W.E., £1 7/6. Golf, bowls, tennis, cricket, billiards.

OXFORD.—Castle Hotel. Bed., 16; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ gns.; W.E. £1 17/6; Lun., 2/-; Din., 3/-.

PHILLACK, Hayle, Cornwall.—Riviera Hotel. Near sea; golf. H. & C. water in all rooms. Recommended A.A.

SCARBOROUGH, Yorks.—Riviera Private Hotel St. Nicholas Cliff. Bed., 37; Rec., 5. Pens., from £3 17/6; W.E., Sat. to Mon., from £1. Golf, tennis.

SHAFESBURY, Dorset.—Coombe House Hotel. Pens., 4 to 7 gns.; W.E., 42/- to 57/-. Golf, private 9-hole, 1/- per day. Tennis, putting, billiards, bathing.

SHANKLIN, I.O.W.—Cromdale Hotel, Keats Green. Bed., 14; Rec., 3. Pens., from 3½ gns. to 6 gns.; W.E., 12/- to 15/- per day. Golf, 2 miles. Tennis.

SOUTHSEA, HANTS.—Pendragon Hotel, Clarence Parade. Bed., 80; Rec., 2. Pens., 4 gns.; W.E., 12/6 per day.

STROUD, Glos.—Prospect House Hotel, Bulls Cross. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 3 to 3½ gns. W.E., 12/6 per day. Garden. Golf, riding.

TENBY, Pem.—Cliffe Hotel. Bed., 25; Rec., 3. Pens., 3½ to 5 gns.; W.E., 30 to 55/-. Tennis, golf, fishing, bathing.

TORQUAY.—Ashley Court Hotel, Abbey Road.—Bed., 30; Rec., 3; Pens., 3 gns.; W.E., 30/-. Golf, 1 mile. Garden.

GLEN DEVON Hotel. St. Alban's Road, Babbacombe. Bed., 12; Rec., 1. Pens., 2½ to 3½ gns. Garden, tennis, golf.

NETHWAY PRIVATE Hotel. Falkland Road. Bed., 23; Rec., 2. Pens., from 3 gns. W.E., from 9/- per day. Golf, tennis, fishing.

UIG, Isle of Skye.—Uig Hotel. Bed., 13; Rec., 3. Lun., hot, 3/6; Din., 4/6. Golf, Hotel grounds, fishing, good boating.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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EMPIRE NEWS

Commonwealth Needs Little Brothers

From an Australian Correspondent

IT is necessary only to examine the evidence of Australia's increasing economic prosperity to realise that the time is not far distant when assisted migration to the Commonwealth will be resumed.

The Commonwealth Government has, for a long time, replied to all suggestions for a resumption of migration by saying, in effect:

"The time is not yet ripe. Australia cannot afford to load its labour market with new arrivals from overseas while many of its own people are still unemployed."

This attitude is reasonable enough. The first care of any Government should be the protection of its own people's interests. Moreover, in Australia, there has been vigorous public support for the Government's policy in this matter.

Nevertheless, Australia is steadily recovering from the effects of the economic depression. Its primary industries are flourishing. Secondary industries, no longer stagnant, are week by week absorbing more idle men.

I have recently discussed the advisability of reviving migration to Australia with several experts. They unanimously agree that a prudent policy of boy migration would be an ideal prelude to a general revival.

For this reason, a letter, signed by Dr. Ziele, the president, and Sir Richard Linton, the founder, of the Big Brother Movement, which was published a few days ago by the *Sydney Morning Herald* could hardly have been more timely.

It pointed out that while Australian farmers are in need of more boys than they can obtain, Australian boys are reluctant to work on the land.

Further, it emphasised that foreign immigrants to Australia are exceeding in number new arrivals from Britain, and expressed the hope that the Government would take steps to encourage the resumption of limited migration.

It is probably not generally realised that all the machinery for the resumption of boy migration still exists, here and in Australia, in the shape of the Big Brother Movement.

This Movement, although it has sent no boys to Australia since 1931, when the Commonwealth decided to prohibit assisted migration, has continued to function in a state, as it were, of suspended animation.

Throughout the troubled depression years it continued to fulfil its duty to the boys who migrated to Australia under its auspices until the last came of age in October, 1935, and passed from its control.

Official figures demonstrate the value of the work performed by the Movement.

It assisted 1,926 boys to migrate to Australia and ensured jobs for them when they arrived. Of this number, 1,360 have remained there, 448 have returned to England. The balance is accounted for by death and withdrawal from the Movement.

A large majority of the Little Brothers who stayed in Australia continued to work on the land. And many of these have acquired their own farms and became prosperous members of the community.

At present, the Big Brother Movement is financially languishing. This is inevitable. While it is doing no practical work it cannot ask for the funds which were readily forthcoming when it was operating at top pressure.

It would be deeply regrettable if this Movement were allowed to die, especially since it possesses such potentialities for helping Australia to populate the empty unexploited land.

One thing is necessary before the Movement can begin its useful work once more. The Commonwealth Government must give a lead by calling for boy migrants.

The Movement was doing a job of Imperial significance until circumstances compelled it to suspend its activities. Australians will sincerely hope that it will shortly be doing that job again.

For Australia needs her Little Brothers.

Canada's Apple Season

THE Canadian apple season will shortly open once more, and Britain will be purchasing the fruits of a great industry established by one of the most unsung pioneers.

The odd thing is that so little is known about him in his native land. He was James McIntosh who gave the world the famous apple known as the McIntosh Red. In doing so he also laid the foundations of a trade which has, since it began, brought millions of pounds to other British settlers in the Dominion.

McIntosh went to Canada many years ago and, when clearing his settler's holding in Ontario, he noticed a wild apple tree with fruit of particularly attractive appearance. An agriculturist of experience, he set about propagating the fruit systematically, and soon was growing the McIntosh Reds on a commercial scale.

He lived to see his apples grown in almost every Province of Canada. Until recently the historic tree from which they sprang was still standing.

But the McIntosh, although one of the most popular apples in the world, is not by any means the only apple in the Canadian orchard.

The Dominion is now producing fruit so varied that it can cater not only for every taste, but also for every fad on the purchaser's part. The housewives of some parts of Britain, for example, prefer apples which are large and red: in other districts the preference is for fruit which is small and of green or russet hue.

To no other industry has Canada devoted more intensive research than to that of apple-growing, for it is one of the largest and most important of its kind. Every year she sends to this country alone something like 813,349,110 apples, and we pay her roughly £1,000,000 for them.

The size and "texture" of the apples, their grading and packing for export purposes, the tastes of consumer—all these have been extensively inquired into, and the facts and figures thus obtained have been applied by regulation and by good common sense to the great industry, in the foundation of which James McIntosh played so great a part.

Here are a few of the more popular Canadian varieties—besides the McIntosh Red, the names of which are all equally intriguing:—Red Astrachan, Transparent, Duchess, Alexander, Wolf River, Gravenstein, Wealthy, Colvert, St. Lawrence, Maiden's Blush, Blenheim, Ribston, Hubbardson and Fameuse.

A Great Empire Bridge

A GREAT new Empire Bridge was a project on the agenda of a private meeting recently when the Governors of Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland visited Salisbury, and discussed with the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia several matters of mutual interest to the three States.

This bridge which will span the Zambesi, is to be presented by the Beit Trustees and, when completed, will have the effect of reducing the overland distance between the capitals of Southern and Northern Rhodesia by three-quarters of the present mileage.

The existing railway and road route, following three sides of a square, crosses the Zambesi River by the bridge just below the Victoria Falls. When the great new bridge is in use the road will take the fourth side of the square, reducing the distance by some 450 miles.

One problem in locating the best site for the bridge lies in the fact that where the river is narrowest it passes between high rocky defiles that would involve great expense and difficulty in making suitable road approaches. On the other hand where the land is comparatively flat and easy for road construction the Zambesi is exceedingly wide.

The Weapons of India

No. 9—Banduq and Jezail

By F. R. Lee, I.E.S., Rtd.

CH E S S, printing, gunpowder, these three, we owe to the East. The first to India, the second to China, and the third, well, in Europe the great Franciscan made his independent discovery, that is certain, but India, or China, unless the records are fictitious, must have the credit in pre-Christian times for the invention of the third.

A learned Indian, Dr. Rajendra Lal Mitra, has translated a Sanskrit book, the *Sukraniti* which describes exactly "a tubular weapon," its use, and the manufacture of gunpowder. This leaves no reasonable doubt that about the beginning of the Christian era the Hindus made and used firearms. This knowledge, perhaps secret and confined to the Brahmins, faded out during the centuries, until its reintroduction either by the Portuguese, or by way of Turkey and Persia.

Henceforth, that is from about 1500, firearms formed a part of the equipment of Indian armies. For our information, we have four main sources, the *Ain-i-Akbari*, the life of Akbar, by Abul Fazil, the Mogul paintings by Persian and Indian artists, and the accounts of European travellers, and finally numerous surviving specimens of Indian firearms.

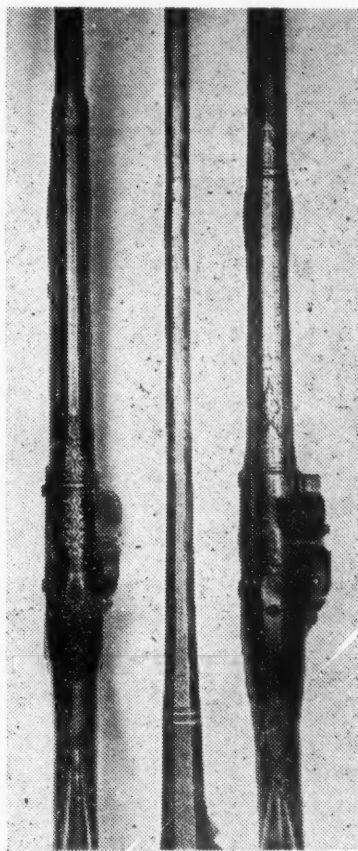
Akbar, a contemporary of Queen Elizabeth, made muskets as good as anything in Europe outside Brescia. In his arsenal probably was contrived the matchlock mechanism which surpassed in effectiveness that used in Europe. His son Jahangir spared neither time nor money to get the best firearms. His autobiography, written in Persian, records his pleasure in owning a flintlock, which judging by its performance, may have been rifled. In the Fig. the two outer barrels, now mounted in European stocks, were made in Lahore, at the end of the reign of Jahangir. The same workman made both. His name, Farghab Mustapha, in the fashion of contemporary Spanish guns is on the barrel, inscribed in gold in an oval medalion. One is smooth bore, and on unscrewing the breechlock to examine an obstruction, I found two bullets beaten out of very pure, soft iron. The gauge is about 12 and the length 82 inches.

The other is rifled 8 ft. 4 in. long, 27 gauge. Both are tastefully adorned with a gold design at the breech, midway, and for four inches below the front sight. One is fitted with a peep-sight, often supposed to be a modern invention.

To forge these barrels the usual square bars of mixed iron and steel are spirally twisted round a solid,

cold rod, and their edges thoroughly welded. This done, the interior is drilled or rifled by the same sort of primitive machine used by the early Colonists of North America to make the rifles of Pennsylvania and Kentucky.

In my specimens more than ordinary work has been spent in the filing out of a thin sight-line, which stands out from the surface about 1-16 inch. The last process was the decoration with gold wire, and a very restrained and graceful effect it makes upon the dark surface. Gold decoration was effected in three ways. (1) The cheapest, was to cut out the pattern from very thin gold, and



Ancient Indian Guns

solder it on the surface; (2) the pattern, having been drawn, was roughened by cross-hatching. Into this surface, soft gold was heated and hammered and finished off by polishing with agates; (3) true damascening: the pattern was first cut by a chisel operated alternately from right to left leaving a trough with swallow-tail edges. Into this, pure gold wire was gently hammered and annealed, so that the two metals became incorporated.

The central barrel in the Fig. is 4 ft. 8 in. long and the inscription tells that it was made in Multan in 1803. The work is elaborate but

lacks the quiet distinction of the two older barrels. Under pressure from westernism the old artistry to-day is almost extinct, but the skill in metal working survives. Modern processes are well understood and practised. Some of my readers may remember seeing in N. India an extraordinary illustration of the skill of the native "Karigar."

Some worn out .303 barrels had been chopped into small pieces and cast aside upon the scrap heap. These mysteriously disappeared. Some time afterwards, as the result of a raid, two rifles were taken and found to be the old scrapped barrels carefully united to bring the grooves and landes into more or less correct alignment. For many years passable rifles and ammunition have been made in the arsenal at Kabul.

These, and the weapons provided by "gun-running" during the Great War, and by Soviet agents afterwards, flooded the country with good modern weapons. But it is not rare even now for old Brown-Bess guns, relics of our disaster in 1842 and native "Jezails" to be left temporarily by their owners at the frontier inspection stations. This frontier may be compared, not inaptly, to a wasp's nest. When there arises a leader of waspish mind, stings are plentiful. Amanulla inflicted the latest, which we acknowledged by characteristic gush, and invitations to inspect the secrets of our arsenals!

Anglo-French Dispute Over Indian Territory

THE Madras Government recently issued a *communiqué* stating that His Majesty's Government regard the French *loge* at Calicut as part of the territories under the dominion of the British Crown. The French claim to sovereignty was denied.

This *communiqué* was apparently issued as a result of incidents on August 29 when it was reported that British Indian police had executed distraint warrants against certain merchants in the *loge* for alleged failure to pay licence fees and professional taxes.

It was also reported that representatives of the French Indian Government had instructed merchants in the *loge* not to pay the fees which the Calicut Municipal Council states are due to it.

These *loges*, the *Statesman* explains, are scattered about the coast of Eastern India and several exist in Bengal: they are relics of the factories established in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries by the French traders.

They are thus a picturesque survival from the stormy days when the British and French were contending for supremacy.

FORGOTTEN DEEDS OF THE EMPIRE

The First Englishmen in the Canadian Arctic

By Professor A. P. Newton

IT is interesting to recall that the first lands outside the Old World which were reached by Europeans, now form part of the British Empire, for, seven hundred years before Christopher Columbus discovered the West Indies and John Cabot first set foot upon the mainland of the Western Continent, Norsemen dwelling in Greenland had passed thence on to what we now call Labrador and had landed on the shores of Newfoundland.

By the fifteenth century the memory of those old Norse discoveries had faded away in Western Europe, and even Greenland had ceased to be visited by the Danes, although during the thirteenth and fourteenth there had been a bishopric and churches there.

In all probability there were still occasional visits during those centuries to the lands immediately to the south in search of timber, of which the Greenlanders had no supplies on their own bleak and icy coasts.

Thus there was little more than a century between the last of those expeditions and the time when Cabot raised the flag of St. George on Cape Breton Island or Newfoundland in 1496.

After that date there was no long intermission between the visits of English ships to Newfoundland waters, for Cabot's revelation of the riches of the fisheries on the Grand Banks attracted fishing boats every



Arctic whaling 17th century. The Dutch were the first to discover and exploit whale fisheries in the late 16th century, and they thus captured the European whale-oil market.

summer to what the Portuguese called the Bacallaos or Codfish Lands.

Britons, Basques, Gascons and Portuguese all took part in the annual voyages across the Atlantic, but none of them attempted to stay during the winter or to form settlements.

That was first essayed by Englishmen from Bristol, and although their attempt did not succeed in establishing a permanent colony or trading port, it is worthy of recovery from the oblivion that has covered it, because undoubtedly the employees of the British Company who traded in furs and fish in Labrador for five years, between 1601 and 1606, were the first white men to live in what is now British North America.

This was a hundred years before the foundation of the first permanent English colony in Virginia and "the Company of Adventurers into the New Found Islands," as it is called in official documents of Henry VII's reign was, therefore, undoubtedly the first English company for trade and colonising across the Atlantic.

Our knowledge of the Company is quite certain, for it is derived from official documents of the time preserved in the Public Record Office, but it is tantalisingly scanty.

Modern research has discovered little more about its adventures in the New World than was recovered by Richard Hakluyt in Queen Elizabeth's time.

He was not able to obtain any narrative of its proceedings down to its break-up in 1606, but all he knew about its fur trading was derived through the descendants of Nicholas Thorne, the celebrated Bristol merchant who was one of the principal partners in the enterprise.

Another partner was the Portuguese, John Fernandez, of the Azores, who may have been the man who first sighted the new lands in Cabot's voyage and who was called "the Labrador" or ploughman.

Part of the mainland was called after him "the Labrador's land," and so his nickname has persisted in the modern name, Labrador, although it may not now be attached to the actual part of the land that he discovered.

There were many English voyages into the Arctic waters during the latter part of the sixteenth century, and they have left their traces in the names by which various straits and islands are still known.

But Frobisher, Davis and the other explorers were directing their efforts to the discovery of the North-West Passage, and they did not concern themselves with the fur trade or fishing.

It was not until the reigns of James I and Charles I that an English company again endeavoured to make profits out of the Arctic.

This time the enterprise was organised by Sir Francis Cherry with

the patronage of the Earl of Southampton and Sir Dudley Digges.

The newly discovered whale fishery round Hudson's Bay attracted both English and Dutchmen, and they also tried hunting the walrus for its ivory and trading with the Eskimo for furs.

The enterprise has left its name writ large on the map of the region, but after a few years Dutch competition and the troubles of the Civil Wars brought it to an end, and it was not until Prince Rupert took the lead in the foundation of the Hudson's Bay Company under Charles II that Englishmen acquired a permanent foothold in the region.

Tourists' Paradise

By Cleland Scott

Nanyuki, Kenya.

THOSE who want a "different" holiday might do a lot worse than give East and Central Africa the "once over."

If one is in a hurry Imperial Airways are available to transport the hustler from London to Nairobi in six days, next year to be reduced to three and a half.

But if one prefers more leisurely progress nothing is more pleasant than to steam slowly up the Nile.

Near where it emerges from Lake Albert is a port of call known as Rhino Camp, home of the rare and so strictly preserved "white" rhino with its long tapering horns and square shaped mouth.

In spite of its appearance it is a docile beast and far more friendly than many bovines in England.

Meandering South one may glimpse the gorilla in the Alimbongo Hills. Further on is the watershed of the Nile and Congo rivers.

Dropping a couple of thousand feet one reaches the Ruindi Plains where most of the greater fauna can be viewed from the road.

In the foreground lies Lake Edward behind which loom the snow clad Mountains of the Moon. By revolving on one's axis one watches the Kivu volcanoes belching fire.

Leaving the Congo one enters Uganda close by that octopus-like water Lake Bunyoni, one of Africa's most perfect gems.

A visit to the Murchison Falls should not be missed if elephants, hippos, and crocs disporting themselves close by appeal at all.

As a change from motoring the Kenya and Uganda Railway with its comfortable carriages and excellent food will trundle one up to over 9,000 feet and down again to Nairobi, the capital of Kenya.

From Nairobi numerous tours are available, one of the best being round the three hundred mile base of Mt. Kenya.

The best time to arrive is mid-December just after the "short" rains and consequently dodging the English winter.

Franc Effect on Sterling

By Our City Editor

NOW that the first shock of the collapse of the long resistance of the "gold bloc" to irresistible forces has passed, and dealings in French francs have been resumed, at 105 to the £ instead of 77 before the devaluation, it is possible to sit back and attempt to assess the likely effect on our own currency. In the past year the situation abroad has led to the inflow into Great Britain of a great deal of "funk money" from the Continent and with the conclusion of the event against which this was placed, a good proportion of this "bad" money may be expected to return to its country of origin. It is true that political uncertainties and the possibility of a violent "Left" swing in France may help to keep some of this money from being repatriated, but the effect of a return of even a part of it must be seen in the sterling exchange. Already the rate for the £ against the U.S. dollar has declined from 5.05 to under 4.92 and at this level the dollar appears to be still undervalued.

The effect of any long hoped-for move towards stabilisation, which now appears a possibility, must be very slow as regards the adjustment of our trade balance position, for the revival of international trade to anything like its old basis must take many years to accomplish. In the meantime the "cheap money" policy here and the huge expansion in imports necessitated by our hurried rearmament, this expansion being unaccompanied by any material growth in our export trade, must ultimately have its reflection in a lower value for sterling in the world's markets. That we have so far been able to avoid exposing to the public gaze the somewhat feeble state of our currency is due to the calamities which have overtaken others rather than to our own merits. The time is rapidly approaching when our smug satisfaction at our own comparative prosperity must give way to the realisation that we have to support our high standard of living in a competitive market. The adjustment of the European gold currencies to the realities of modern conditions is a reminder of our own necessity.

The Franc and Markets

The Paris Bourse reopened on a strong note and refuted the fears of those who had looked for very heavy sales by French investors. So far, one feels that the effect of franc devaluation has not been fully realised so far as the Stock Markets are concerned and very little adjustment to the new conditions has taken place. As a long view of markets the following summarises the position: Gilt-edged look very much too dear despite the temporary stimulus which may be given by further "cheap

money" drives; Home Rails appear to be correctly valued in view of the many conflicting influences which affect them. Foreign Rails, despite their recent strength, may prove a profitable lock-up though of a speculative nature. Home industrials are likely to hang fire, while attention of a speculative nature is directed towards small "rubbish" shares. Oils, Rubbers and Teas all appear to be likely centres of speculative activity from time to time, and Gold Mines look set for a rise when the market gets its breath. "Americans" are by no means to be overlooked in this brief review for in this market such shares as International Nickel, U.S. Steel and New York Central are likely to prove profitable while Brazil Tractions are a good gamble. Readers of these columns may remember ruefully that Nickels and Steels have been strongly recommended here at about half their present price, while New York Central were expected to rise from 25 and they have—to 48½. But it is no use "jobbing backwards!"

The Price of Gold

Those who feared that the price of gold might fall substantially on the devaluation of the franc were overlooking the fact that America had already taken her profit up to a definite rate on the revaluation of the gold reserves to the cheaper dollar basis. If the view already expressed as to the overvaluation of sterling is true, then the price of gold will further appreciate and not decline. At present the price has come up to around 141s. per ounce and while the effect is not immediately noticeable on South African gold mining profits since the mines' policy is to stabilise profits on a gradually increasing basis, the ultimate effect must be beneficial to the mines if only by increasing their lives through enabling them to mill lower-grade ore. Meanwhile yields of 6 per cent. upwards are to be obtained on good Kaffir shares with an excellent chance of capital appreciation. Robinson Deep "B" at 51s. 6d. return nearly 8½ per cent. and look a good buy while almost any of the Finance issues are a good "long" holding, with Gold Fields offering, perhaps, the widest chance of capital appreciation.

Transport "C" Disappointment

The London Passenger Transport Board caused disappointment to holders of its "C" stock by announcing a dividend of 2½ per cent., making 4 per cent. in all for the past year on this stock, in conjunction with the statement that no further payment could be made in respect of the two previous years for which the "C" stock had received 4 per cent. and 3½ per cent. Despite a "bearish" statement by the Board earlier in the year the market had confidently looked for a further payment in respect of 1933-34 and 1934-35 as the standard rate was 5½ per cent. but the balances remaining now that the full purchase prices of various acquisitions have been determined was only £28,000. The stock was marked down in price to about 104 and at this level it looks dear having regard to the heavy prices which the Board has had to pay for a number of the undertakings it was called upon to take over.

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BROADCASTING**Farewell To A Friend**

BY ALAN HOWLAND

LAST week I was present at a function which, while being quite delightful in itself, was to me a melancholy occasion. It was a party given by Major W. Gladstone Murray, late of the B.B.C., on the eve of his departure for Canada where he is to take over and reorganise the Canadian broadcasting service on a national basis. Whereas everyone who knows him is glad that "Bill" Murray is at last able to achieve his ambition, it is positively heart-breaking to think that the B.B.C. can contemplate with equanimity the departure of one of its most faithful servants.

"G.M." is himself a Canadian who had a distinguished career at Oxford as a Rhodes Scholar. He, therefore, combines the ruggedness of the Colonial with the "cultural background" so much lauded by the B.B.C. and so conspicuously lacking in the majority of its employees. He occupied the position of Director of Information, later of Director of Public Relations—a position now held by Sir Stephen Tallents—and subsequently was in control of all spoken matter broadcast from British stations.

Most of his time at Savoy Hill and Broadcasting

House was spent in picking up the various bricks dropped by his colleagues and holding the babies which became too tiresome for their putative fathers. "Bill" Murray could always be trusted to get anyone out of a hole and every member of the staff, however humble the position he occupied, could rely on his advice and assistance. Many of the present members of the staff owe him a debt which they can never hope to repay, and those who have left the B.B.C. for one reason or another are proud to retain his friendship and think of him always with affectionate regard.

B.B.C. Blunder

And this is the man with whose services the B.B.C. is content to dispense without a murmur. Had the B.B.C. been a business organisation it must have gone to any lengths to guard itself against such an incalculable loss; but the B.B.C. is not a business organisation, and business methods wilt and die in the hot-house atmosphere of Broadcasting House.

That "G.M." will be successful in Canada nobody who knows him could doubt for a moment. He is as respected in the land of his birth as he is in the Mother Country. He brings to his new task indomitable energy, great organising ability, a swift brain, absolute integrity and, above all, a sense of humour. He takes with him the good wishes of all who have known him on this side. Nevertheless, the B.B.C. is mad to let him go.



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THEATRE NOTES

No Ordinary Lady Duke of York's Theatre

THIS comedy, adapted from the "Guignol" of M. Louis Verneuil by Marten Cumberland, is first-rate entertainment. I saw the play on the second night and as is my custom, carefully refrained from reading anything that the first-night critics had written. I was somewhat shocked, therefore, to see this beautifully and brightly acted "comedy" damned with faint praise and by quite a few seemingly intelligent critics described as a "farce." It is *not* a farce—although some of the situations may seem impossible and bordering on farce to English eyes; they are not so if one is acquainted with the French "dot" system of marriage.

The play is full of delightful comedy situations, one in particular in the first Act when, through the unpunctuality of the young wife and the regular habits of her toy-manufacturer-husband, we watch the most amusing meal eaten by four people, each of whom is engaged on a different course.

As the toy manufacturer (M. Gustave Dumontier), Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith gives a delightful performance, using that rapid-fire delivery of his to perfection. Miss Ellen Pollock makes a most attractive person of the young Madame Dumontier, bored by her elderly husband and in constant search for excitement and sensation. Her scenes with Jack Melford, the hero of this pleasant piece, are an absolute joy in their surety of touch. Mr. Melford has the part of his life in this play and everything comes as grist to his mill. He is ably supported by Henry Hewitt as a pseudo butler played as only this excellent actor can play butlers.

Mignon O'Doherty, Anthony Shaw and Nadine March round off this admirable team of players who should (if London has any sense at all) remain at the Duke of York's Theatre for a very long time to come.

Transatlantic Rhythm Adelphi Theatre

SO much vulgar publicity has preceded the presentation of this revue that I found myself in a rage long before I set out for the Adelphi Theatre on the second night. I simply do not care whether the artists in a show have been paid or are likely to be paid; it does not matter one hoot to me how much the production has cost or whether it is likely to prove a drain on the financial resources of those presenting it. As long as the show is good I do not mind if everybody is working for nothing or whether everybody is making a fortune out of it.

So far as this particular revue is concerned it was better than some I have seen and not so good as some of the others. The main interest, of course, centred round the principals. Of these, Miss Ruth Etting did not appear on the second night—perhaps she knew I was in a rage. Miss Lupe Velez is volatile and works exceedingly hard. Mr. Lou Holtz is a clever comedian whose impromptus are as good as anything in the show, while Buck and Bubbles are a versatile and amusing pair.

C.S.

CINEMA

The Last of the Mohicans

BY MARK FORREST

IRATHER think that the new picture at the London Pavilion would have had a more enthusiastic reception if it had been produced at Christmas, but I imagine it will be generally released during that week so that the children may see Hawkeye and Uncas in the flesh.

The Last of the Mohicans, which made his name for Fenimore Cooper, is a book in which both the characterisation and the dialogue are somewhat naïve; but like the majority of Fenimore Cooper's works it contains plenty of action. Trails and treachery abound in the swamps and forests of Canada, and the difficulties of the two women in charge of Major Hayward give the cameraman plenty to do. The adapters, however, have evidently felt the need for a heavy revision of the dialogue and have also changed the story considerably in an attempt to make it more attuned to adult ears.

Robbed of its Charm

In doing this they have only made confusion worse confounded for the charm of the story, if it has any for people of to-day, lies in its peculiar naïveté, and any attempt to build up a sophisticated narrative and rest it on the old structure is doomed to failure. Had they left the original where it was and been content to make a picture for the enjoyment of bloodthirsty boys, the job would have been more satisfactory.

As it is, Major Hayward becomes an unspeakable prig and a frightful bore; the two girls are painfully dull and there is not enough of Uncas. Hawkeye alone, who is admirably played by Randolph Scott, appears to gain from the metamorphosis.

Good Photography

On the credit side also of this picture must be set some very good photography and the astonishing make-up of Bruce Cabot as the villainous Magua, chief of the cowardly Hurons who finally, in spite of the efforts of Hawkeye, succeed in killing Uncas, the last of the Mohicans.

More, I fancy to the taste of the children and adults of to-day than the scalpings and tomahawks of the Mohicans will be the Western which, under the title of *Texas Rangers*, is at the Plaza. Here are the Redskins with bows and arrows and the palefaces with revolvers. There is plenty of action and plenty of killing which are the two things people go to a Western to see; but I wish that the advent of the talkie had not brought in its train a tendency to shoot off propaganda as well as revolvers.

Continued from page ii of Cover

You can see the OGPU agents at work only by inference from facts and episodes which have come to light from time to time.

Six years ago there lived in Hull a Russian political émigré named Alexander Semushin. He had been in Hull for ten years and carried on a business as a photographer in partnership with an Englishman.

He was an Archangel man, and often used to visit Soviet vessels in the docks. Many of the crews of these vessels came from Archangel. Some of them Semushin knew from the days before the revolution.

He used to get news from them of his family which was still in Archangel.

On August 15, 1930, he walked out from his lodgings in Hull to go to his business. From that moment he was never seen again. There was a police search and rivers and docks were dragged, but without avail.

A long report on Semushin and on the circumstances of his disappearance was prepared and submitted to the Home Secretary. It was drawn up by Mr. A. V. Biakaloff, one of the leaders of the Russian refugee colony in London. It completely discounted any theory of suicide by Semushin and stated many facts about the man to show that this can be ruled out of the question.

It then brought forward evidence for the view that Semushin was kidnapped on board one of these Soviet vessels in Hull docks while on one of his usual visits, and carried off to Russia to face imprisonment or execution for "suspected" anti-Bolshevist connections.

An investigation was demanded into this view of Semushin's disappearance, but, of course, the Home Secretary could do nothing.

The Secret

And here is another case:

Two years ago Ozersky, the recently "recalled" trade delegate, had a very brilliant young assistant here in London who was well known in City trading circles.

Suddenly he disappeared. He did not leave by any of the usual routes by train or air, and his business colleagues were not told that he had been "recalled." But news came a few weeks ago that he had been shot, in Moscow, nearly eighteen months ago. How did he get to Russia? That remains an OGPU secret.

Last year Professor Peter Kapitza, a young Russian who is among the first four greatest physicists in the world, was at work in Cambridge. He had come here ten years ago as a penniless student without even sufficient money to take a degree.

But Professor Lord Rutherford, the great British scientist, recognised his genius and took him under his wing. Last year a special laboratory was built at Cambridge for this young man to operate in. It was opened by Mr. Stanley Baldwin. It housed a giant generator which Kapitza had designed, a machine capable of exerting a more terrific magnetic force than any other in the world. It was for use in the final stages of Kapitza's research work on the structure of the atom. The British Government paid for that machine. Altogether, the laboratory and apparatus cost us nearly £80,000.

One day, when he was about to start on the final stage of research for which the machine had been designed, he received a caller at his Cambridge home. The caller came from the Soviet Embassy.

He brought an invitation to Kapitza to give a lecture.

He went, leaving his wife and children here. When the conference was over and he was preparing to come back to work at Cambridge, he was informed through the OGPU that he must never leave Russia again.

All protests were useless. For some time Kapitza was ill and unable to do any work at all. The whole learned world outside of Russia rose in protest at this ruthless interruption of the work of a great brain.

The Royal Society, headed by Lord Rutherford, and Cambridge University pleaded with the Soviet Government to at least allow Kapitza to complete the work with the apparatus bought for him.

"Let him do it here," was the reply. When it was pointed out that the machine used was unique in the world, and that it would be almost impossible to build another in Russia, the Soviet made a typical rejoinder.

"If you are so concerned," they said in effect, "sell us the machine."

And for this young scientist's sake, and for all science, that was done. Another insight into OGPU methods is provided by the following instance. We have the name of the man concerned, but suppress it for obvious reasons.

Four years ago he was the head of a Soviet trading department in London. He decided to sever all relations with the Soviet State.

This man's wife, who is also a Russian and who had a secretarial post in one of the offices, was to stay on for a month. A week after her husband's departure she was leaving the office about six p.m. when her chief stopped her.

He told her that there was a "little party" that night on board one of the Soviet vessels in London river. It was for "only a few" of the selected Soviet employees in London and their children. But when she got back to her North London flat to prepare herself and the children for the party she found a woman friend awaiting her. They stayed talking for hours, until suddenly she noticed the clock. She had forgotten the party on the ship and now it was too late.

The next morning in the office she said to another woman secretary: "Well, how did the party go last night?"

The woman stared in amazement, "What party?" she said.

Never Returned

That was enough. Instantly she guessed what that invitation had meant. A few quiet and quick enquiries confirmed her suspicions and fear. The Soviet vessel had sailed on the night tide at 10 p.m.—two hours after the "party" was supposed to begin.

The idea, of course, was to get her and the children back to Russia. Once held there the OGPU screw could be put upon the husband who had left the cause.

The OGPU has a very long arm, that reaches far beyond Lubyanka Street, far past those grim frontier stations beyond which for so many there is no return to the outer world—to the heart of every capital and country where there are citizens of Soviet Russia.

There is one method whereby the power of the OGPU can be curbed—in this country anyway.

The weapon held over the heads of all Soviet employees in this country is what is called the "conditional agreement." They are "permitted" to remain here only while employed by a Soviet organisation.

Now see how the Soviet exploits that aliens law with its employees. Here is a statement issued by the Soviet Vice-Consul in London: "It is the right of the Consul of the Soviet Republic to order officials . . . to proceed home when his government considers their presence here is no longer needed . . ."

Sinister Threat

"Those who refuse to comply with the Consul's orders know perfectly well that in accordance with the decree of November 21, 1929, they will be subject to the severe penalty prescribed therein. . . The penalties prescribed are well known, and those concerned well know the penalties involved by disobedience."

We have put that last paragraph in italics because we cannot remember ever having seen an official statement which conveyed a sinister threat in a more cold-blooded and truculent manner.

But in what consists the Soviet's "right" to order home some wretched official? It rests on the British alien law, and he cannot carry out his order without the assistance of the authorities.

There is no obligation in law for the Home Secretary to "deport" Soviet employees at the Consul's request.

Every Russian employee of the Soviet in this country who may be "ordered" home should know that the Consul's powers over him are not worth the paper they are written on.

If he has any doubts about the meaning behind his "recall to Moscow," he can appeal to the Home Secretary for that sanctuary which Britain has always accorded to the fugitive and oppressed, of whatever nation. And, if he is a recent citizen, and not a criminal, he will get it.

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IF I'D BEEN—

MR. BALDWIN

By LADY HOUSTON, D.B.E.

WHEN anyone makes a hash of things—the French say, “He took the wrong turning.” And you took the wrong turning Mr. Baldwin, four years ago, when with an enormous CONSERVATIVE majority of 472—you did not sweep away Socialism and reinstate England into her old proud position—making the British Navy once more Mistress of the Seas. During these four years you could have built up the Army and made the Air Force second to none—and this was what the 472 Conservatives voted for—and it was your duty, as *Conservative Leader*, to give them.

WHAT a vista was then before you! What a path of golden promise of greatness for England once again! But you did not understand and you do not seem now to understand that ENGLAND'S GREATNESS IS NOT A PERSONAL MATTER, and you were not honest, Mr. Baldwin, when you subordinated Conservatism to Socialism—and to the personal vanity of a Socialist whose aim—you knew—was to drag down and destroy all that Conservatives have built up and achieved. Is giving away India and declaring the League of Nations your “Sheet Anchor” and dragging down the Navy, Army and Air Force, *real* Conservatism, Mr. Baldwin?

“EAST is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet,” but Conservatism and Socialism are as far apart as the Poles, and attempting to amalgamate two such opposite policies was bound to end in failure *either to one or the other*, and, of course, Ramsay MacDonald took good care it was not Socialism that went to the wall—but by the unmeaning words “National Conservative” built up a policy that was Socialism and Internationalism without any real Conservatism whatever, and yet this fraudulent arrangement you still declare you intend to cling to! How can you be surprised that this un-English, unreal Election cry of a Conservative who—only at Election time—uses this abused name and openly declares he will immediately discard it again to “National” directly it has given him a majority—how can you be surprised that all this anti-British unreality has brought such apathy as never was before known at any Election?

WHEN before the last General Election I pleaded with you for a *real* Conservative Government—think how much better England and the whole world would now be—if you had listened to me, for with a Navy double the strength of any other Navy England could have kept the PEACE OF THE WORLD as she did before. Now on the eve of another General Election—I plead with you again. Make *REAL* CONSERVATISM your object Mr. Baldwin, fling away “National”—take once more the time honoured name CONSERVATIVE—without the meaningless prefix “National” which has been so unlucky for England and for you (for there is luck and ill-luck in words) and Conservative has always been a lucky word for Britain. Turn over a new leaf, Mr. Baldwin, and make the people forget all this Socialistic and League of Nations “Sheet Anchor” nonsense—that has brought us only bitter enmity and will surely bring WAR.